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likely to harmonize long with feudal institutions.

The form of process adopted by the presbytery of Strathbogie was sufficiently inquisitorial. Thus we find Mr. Robert Gordon called upon to answer on oath to a charge of favouring popery, without being informed of the nature of the evidence against him, which indeed appears to have been mere hearsay and vague suspicion:—

"The said day, compared Robert Gordoune of Cowdraine, and confessed he had not communicated in the church of Gartlye these four yeeres bygone, neither resorted to the church for hearing of the word. And being required to purge himself, by his oath, of the receipt of preists, receiving of the sacrament from them, and in particular, from Mr. Thomas Blackhall, Mr. John Smyth, Father Crystie, Mr. Thomas Abernethy, Father Robison, and that conforme to an act of council produced and red in his audience, he refused to give his oath, alledging that he was not holden to doe the same, because that act was but an act of council, and not ane act of Parliament. And the brethren replying that that act of council was relative to ane act of Parliament, he refusit absolutelie to purge himself by his oath. And the said Robert Gordoune being demanded whether he was present or not at the baptism of Alexander Gordoune of Carnebur his chylde, which was baptised be a preist, and being posed thereanent by his oath, he refused to purge himself by his oath. The brethren ordained the said Robert to make his repentance publikelie, in the kirk of Gartlie, and to pay 20s. for every Sabbath's absence from the church, and to paye 20 librs. for everie yeeres not communicating."

The presbytery of Strathbogie, like that of Geneva, usurped the functions of the civil magistrate, and we find cases of common assault brought under ecclesiastical jurisdiction:—

"Compeired James Mill and Isobell Duncan, his spous, parochiners of Abercherdour, compleaning wpon Walter Chalmier in Kairnehill ther, that he hade abused the said Jannat Duncan, on the Sabbath day, and hade stricken her to the effusion of her blood. The said Walter Chalmier being present, confesit that he stracke her, and his reason was, that the said James Mill and Isobell Duncan wer both his servantis, and, being drunk, hade made a pley in his house, and could not gett them rid untill the tyme that he was forced efter that maner to separate them; and that they hade abused him with wordis, and hade rent his cloathes. Alwayes the brethren present thoct him to be ane rogh ridder, and ordayne him, for the brack of the Sabbath, to mak his repentance, and pey four merkis penalty."

In the days of Charles II., when the Duke of Buckingham proposed that the importation of Irish cattle should be deemed a misdemeanour and a nuisance, the earl of Clarendon moved, as an amendment, that it should be considered adultery. But the presbytery of Strathbogie had anticipated the noble lord, for on the 17th of August, 1642, they ordained that all who "bleached cloth on Sunday should be censured as fornicators!" From a subsequent entry it appears that the penalty thus incurred was a fine of 60*l.* (Scottish), and a penance of standing in sackcloth seven Sundays at the foot of the pulpit. Dogberry's assertion that the false accusation of the Lady Helen was "flat burglary," did not involve a greater confusion of terms than the following entry:—

"James Vatt in Bucharne, being summondit *pro* 3*s.* for his disobedience to the session of Gairtlye, in not satisficing for his going in pilgrimage to vallis and chappellis, for not hearing the vord nor communicating, called, compeired not. Ordained to pay eight merkis, and satisfie as an adulterer."

The suspected popery of the Lady Fendraucht appears to have given considerable trouble to the presbytery, and page after page is filled with accounts of her refusal to attend the kirk, her evasive excuses, and her suspected conferences with priests. It is easy to conjecture what trouble a belief in the existence of popery

within their own district, must have given to men who assigned as their main reason for signing the covenant, that Charles I. had recognized Irish papists as his Roman Catholic subjects. The tale of Lady Fendraucht's persecutions is of unmanageable length, and we gladly avail ourselves of any excuse for escaping from such a record of bigotry.

As might have been expected, the cases of sorcery and witchcraft are very numerous; we shall note a few that tend to illustrate popular superstitions. The following relates to a custom, traces of which are to be found in most mountain-districts, both of Europe and Asia. A piece of ground is left untilled for the use of the devil, who is further conciliated by his having his reserved portion honoured with the name of "the Good-man's plot" or "the Good-man's croft":—

"Compeired William Seifwright and George Stronach, in Glas, and being accused of sorcerie, in allotting and giuing over some land to the old Goodman (as they call it), denied the same; and, because it was so alledgit, they promised to manure said land."

We find next an instance of Druidical lustration by fire, traces of which may be still found among the Scottish Highlands, and in the remote parts of Wales and Scotland. It was necessary that the neid-fyre should be produced by the friction of two pieces of wood:—

"Compeired John Cow, and being accused for saying he had Mr. Robert Watsone his warrant for going to raise neidfyre in Grange, confessed he went to the said Mr. Robert, and told him that he was advysed to cure his goodis after that maner, and so desyred him to goe and sie quhat was done ther, or if he vould not goe himself, send his sone with him, quhilk the said Mr. Robert refused to doe, but said to him, if he vent, tak honest men with him to see quhat was done. This being layed to the said Mr. Robert Watsone his charge, denied all this alledganee, but on the contrair told him, if he vsed such practices the curse of God vould follow therpoun, and told him that vas ane Highland practise, and censured alreadie be the Assemblie."

There are several long examinations of old women for curing diseases, giving charms for cattle and threatening evil to persons who had given them any cause of offence; but none of them possess the same interest as the cases which the editor has extracted from the records of contemporary Presbytery. Here is a portion of the evidence on which an unfortunate woman named Isabell Haldane, was burned at the stake as a sorceress:—

"May 19, 1623. Compared Stephen Ray in Muirton, and deponed, that three yeeres since, Isabell Haldane having stolen some bear forth the hall of Balhousie, he followed her and brought her back again. She clapped him on the shoulder saying, 'Go thy way, thou shalt not win thyself a bannock for year and day,' and as she threatened so it came to pass, for he dyened and was heavily diseased. The said Isabell confesses the away taking of the bear, and the disease of the man, but affirms that she only said, 'He that delivered me from the fairy folk shall take amendis of thee.' The said day, she confessed that she made three several cakes, every one of them being made of nine curns of meal, which had been gotten from nine women that were married maidens. She made a hole in the crown of every one of them, and put a bairn through every cake three times, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There were women present who put the said bairns thrice backward through every cake, using the same words. The said Isabell confessed that she went silent to the well of Ruthven, and returned silent, bringing water from thence to wash John Gows bairn. When she took the water from the well, she left a part of the bairns sark at it, which she took with her to that effect. When she came home again she washed the bairn with the water. She confessed that she had done in like manner to John Gowers bairn. May 27. The said Isabell confessed that she had given drinks to cure bairns. Among the rest that David Morrice's wife came to her and asked thrice help to

her bairn, for God's sake, because it was a shargie. She sent forth her son for fairy leaves, whereof she directed the bairns mother to make a drink. But the bairns mother deponed, that she said Isabell Haldane came to her house unrequired, and saw the bairn, and said it was a shargie taken away. She thereupon took in hand to cure it, and to that effect gave the bairn a drink, but shortly after the receipt of the drink, the bairn died."

The superstition of the cake through which the children were passed, continues to exist under various forms in many parts of Britain, but is not so prevalent as that of bringing water in silence from a sacred well to a diseased person or animal, and leaving part of the patient's dress, or the halter of the cattle suspended to a bush near the well. In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there are still many such wells, though they have lost somewhat of their influence—and the bushes around those in Ireland often bear more rags than leaves. The substitution of a "shargie" or "fairy" for a promising child is common both to the Celtic and Teutonic races; it is still an article of popular belief in Norway and Lapland, and has not quite disappeared from Wales and Ireland.

The illustrations of manners in this volume present a picture of strange barbarism; we have several inquiries by the presbytery into cases of murder and homicide, which seem to have escaped the cognizance of the regular courts of justice; and we find one man brought to trial for having "bound Jane Davidson to a post, and bridled her to the great effusion of blood," and in the course of the examination it comes out that this ruffian had been previously guilty of two murders, and was in the constant habit of "bridling" his wife. Far the most numerous class of entries, however, relate to inquiries into female frailty, which were pursued with a grossness and indelicacy that forbid extract or description. There are, however, sufficient indications that "the stool of repentance" was a prolific source of child-murder and continuous profligacy.

There are eight records of the admission of ministers to benefices in these extracts, and they all show that the question of presentation which has given such notoriety to Strathbogie in the present day, produced equal perplexity in the seventeenth century. In these long and complicated proceedings, it is curious to see how carefully the patrons on one side and the patrons on the other avoided bringing their inconsistent claims into direct issue. Wherever there was a near chance of collision, the dispute was at once compromised, but generally at the expense of the patron.

So far as we can gather from the editor's very guarded preface, he seems to hope that these extracts will show the danger of intrusting uncontrolled power to the presbyteries; and he is so far successful, that there is not in these extracts a single instance of power exercised under the name of discipline, which is not more or less directly an abuse of authority.

Strife and Peace; or, Scenes in Norway. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish. Smith.

THE charm of Frederika Bremer's writings increases the more we read of them. She does not belong to the class of those who, after one perfect work, or a single lucky hit, become exhausted. There is not one of her novels hitherto "done into English," which does not possess some cardinal fault, in plot or in incident, if tried by "the principle of the pyramid." Nevertheless, as our acquaintance with the series advances, so also does our admiration of the variety of character which the authoress commands. We have now *Ma chère Mère* and her daughters—

in-law: in 'The Home,' the mother, the sensible Louise and the experimental Petrea: in 'The President's Daughters,' that pearl of governesses, Mademoiselle Rönquist, her pupils Edla and Nina, and Miss Greta—all delicately touched, and belonging to the same order of society, yet all as different as the real personages of our acquaintance. Here, in a shorter story—'Strife and Peace,' we are introduced to another female character, as clearly conceived as any of the above, though less interesting, perhaps, than some of them; our new friend (for who does not make friends with "beings of the mind"?) being nothing less humble than the servant in a Norwegian family.

"Service" in the far north, however, must mean a far different condition of life from that to which our Martha Pennys and Mistress Dolly Duttons belong. There, where climate is inclement, and Nature wild, and manners primitive, the distinctions between housekeeper and humble companion appear to be little more than nominal; and the faithful domestic occupies his respectable place as family friend. We do not, however, advert to this state of mutual relations to raise Susanna, the heroine, in the reader's estimation. For the sympathies of some, she will always be too low, in consequence of her position: for others, high enough, in right of her humanity. She does not possess Pamela's second-hand graces and morality, to humble her into becoming a fine lady; nor Susan Hopley's preternatural cleverness, to discover more than lawyers, police officers, proctors, and university scholars are able to find out. Placed in only one emergency, she displays no more sublime attributes than bodily strength and courage. Wherein, then, lies the charm, for those who do not subscribe to Hazlitt's openly expressed predilection for heroines of a class in which intellect must be dwarfed and elegance out of place? In the truth, tenderness, and sincerity of her nature; in that perfect propriety which—to agree with Horace Walpole—is the most attractive of graces; and in a touch of temper which, like the bitter of the Seville orange, only enhances the richness of the sweeter particles of the fruit. Susanna is a stout partizan: born a Swede, in defiance of a saucy Norwegian steward, she stands up for the superior credit of her own country, with a delightful contempt of reason, only equalled by his. The two, it is needless to tell the far-sighted, quarrel into matrimony. To complete the account of Susanna's position, it is but needful to add, that her mistress is a melancholy widow-lady, bowed down by the burden of domestic calamity, in which the suspicion of crime on the part of her late husband has a large share. Enough is told to explain the following scene, which we give because it exhibits "life in Norway" under one of its most pleasing aspects:—

"Susanna had a great deal to do in Christmas week, and was often kept up very late at night, partly by her household occupations, and partly by some Christmas gifts which she was preparing, in the hope of occasioning some pleasant little surprises. And this was perhaps the reason, that the morning of the day before Christmas she overslept herself. She was awakened by the loud singing of a bird under her window, and her conscience reproached her, that, in the cares of the preceding day, she had forgotten the birds, for whom she used to throw grains of corn and crumbs of bread upon the snow; and now they had come to remind her of it. Ah, were all such admonitions like the song of birds! With sincere regret for her forgetfulness, Susanna hastened to dress, and to draw aside the window-curtain. But see—before her window stood a tall, slender fir-tree, on whose green top, cut into the form of a wreath, stood a large bunch of golden oat sheaves, and round it fluttered, pecking and chirping, a host of sparrows and bullfinches. Susanna blushed, and thought, 'Harold.' The ser-

vants of the house laughingly answered to Susanna's questions about the fir-tree, that it was indeed the steward who had planted it. But the steward himself pretended to know nothing of the matter—was very much surprised by the sight of the tree with the oat tuft, and could not imagine how it came there. 'It must,' said he, 'have sprung up of itself in the night, and this can only proceed from the strength of the excellent Norwegian soil—every bit of it is pulverized primary rock. Only such a soil could bring forth such wonders.' In the forenoon Harold went with Susanna to the farmyard, where, with her own hands, she distributed oats to the cows, bread to the sheep, and to the poultry corn, in fullest measure. In the community of the chickens a great variety of character might be observed. Some seized greedily upon the corn, while they drove the rest forcibly back; others remained at a modest distance, and picked up contentedly the grains that fortune sent them. Some of them seemed more anxious to provide for others than for themselves. Of this noble nature was a young cock, with a high crest and brilliant plumage, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he yielded his share to the hens, hardly reserving to himself a single grain of corn, but looking down with an air of majesty upon the crowd that pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this noble behaviour, Susanna had called him the Knight, and this name he always retained. Among the geese she saw with vexation that the poor grey was still more oppressed than ever by his white tyrant. Harold proposed to have the grey goose killed, but Susanna insisted warmly, that if either of the rivals were to be sacrificed, it should be the white one. In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress of the mansion sits in darkness with her sorrow, can Christmas-eve bring but little joy. But Susanna had made her preparations to diffuse happiness. She had rejoiced in this thought the whole week through, in the midst of her many occupations; and the more, that her life would have been gloomy indeed, if the hope of giving pleasure to some one had not always glimmered, like a little star, over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro were this day to taste the fruits of Susanna's night-watching; and when the evening came, and Susanna had spread the Christmas table, and had seen it set out with lutfisk,* roast meats, chickens, plates of butter, tarts, and apples, and lighted with many candles; when the people of the farm assembled round the table with eyes that glistened with delight and appetite; when the oldest of the company began a song of thanksgiving, and all the others joined in it with folded hands and solemn voice; then did Susanna feel that she was no longer in a strange land. She joined in their song, and seated herself at the table, a cheerful, hospitable hostess; animated the strong to the performance of prodigies, and placed the most delicate dishes before the weak and timid. Fru Astrid had told Susanna she wished this evening to remain alone in her room, and would take only a glass of milk. But Susanna was resolved to surprise her into pleasure, and to this end had laid a little plot against her pence. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried to her, a beautiful boy, dressed to represent Susanna's idea of an angel, and with a crown of light upon his head, was to enter her door softly and beckon her forth. The lady could not surely resist so beautiful a messenger, and he was to conduct her to the principal room, where, in a grove of fir-trees, a table was to be spread with the choicest productions of Susanna's skill; and behind the fir-trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and sing, to the well known melody of the country, a song in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future happiness. Harold, to whom Susanna had communicated her plan, shook his head doubtfully at first, but afterwards agreed to it, and even lent his aid in its execution, by procuring the fir-trees and assisting at the toilet of the angel. Susanna was delighted with her beautiful little messenger, and followed him softly, as, with some anxiety for his head and his brilliant crown, he tripped lightly towards Fru Astrid's apartment. Harold opened the door softly for the boy. Within, they saw the lady seated in an arm-chair, her head bent down upon her hands. The

* * Codfish, which has been soaked in lye for several weeks. This is a common Christmas dish in Norway and Sweden."

lamp upon the table threw a dull light upon her mourning dress. Roused by the opening of the door, she looked up, and gazed with a wild look upon the apparition. Then she rose hastily, pressed her hands upon her breast, uttered a faint cry of terror, and sank lifeless to the ground. Susanna pushed her angel hastily aside, and rushed to her lady, raised her in her arms, with a feeling of indescribable anguish, and bore her to the bed. Harold, on his part, occupied himself with the poor angel, whose crown having lost its balance, the hot tallow was streaming over his forehead and cheeks, while he uttered the most piteous cries. Susanna soon succeeded in bringing her lady back to life; but for some time her senses seemed bewildered, and she uttered confused and disconnected sentences, among which Susanna could only distinguish the words, "apparition—unhappy child—dead." Susanna inferred that her pretended angel had terrified her, and cried out in a voice broken by sobs, "Ah! it was only John Guttormsen's little son, whom I had dressed up as an angel, to give you pleasure." Susanna saw now but too well how unfortunate this idea had been; but Fru Astrid listened with eager interest to Susanna's explanation of the appearance which had thus shaken her. At last her convulsive state yielded to a flood of tears. Susanna, beside herself with grief, that, instead of joy, she had been the cause of sorrow to her lady, kissed, weeping, her dress, her hands, her feet, with earnest entreaties for forgiveness. Fru Astrid answered in a gentle but reproving tone, "You meant it well, Susanna; you could not know what sorrow you would cause me. But never think again—never attempt again to give me pleasure; I can never more be cheerful—never more be happy; a stone lies at my breast that can never be lifted from it till the stone is placed over my grave. But go now, Susanna, I must be alone—I shall soon be well again." Susanna begged that she might bring her a glass of milk, and Lady Astrid consented; but when she had brought it she must again depart—her heart full of sorrow. When she rejoined Harold, she poured out to him all her grief for the unfortunate issue of her project, and described to him the violent agitation, and repeated the gloomy, despairing words of the Oefwerstina. Harold became pale and thoughtful, and seeing this, Susanna was still more depressed. She had yet another little mine of pleasure still unsprung, and from its explosion she had promised herself great delight; but now this too failed of its effect. It is true, Harold laughed, when he drew the waistcoat from the loaf of wheaten bread; it is true, he thanked Susanna, and pressed her hand, but he had plainly so little pleasure in his Christmas gift, his thoughts were so evidently occupied with something else, that every gleam of Christmas joy now vanished for Susanna. As she sat alone at her window, and saw light streaming from every cottage in the valley; when she thought of the happy family groups within, old people, children, brothers and sisters, friends, all assembled round the Christmas hearth, then she felt painfully that she was alone in a strange land; and when she remembered how happy she used to make her Hulda on this evening—how well all her little plots to give pleasure had then succeeded—she drew forth a handkerchief which had once covered the neck of that dear sister, and covered it with hot tears and kisses. She passed a great portion of the night on the threshold of her lady's door, while she listened anxiously to the unceasing footsteps within. But though she heard many deep-drawn sighs, Susanna heard no expression of pain which could justify her in intruding upon the solitude of her lady."

Further on, the reader will find a journey among the savage scenery of Norway strikingly described. Fragments of ancient legend and superstition are also happily interwoven; in one, the Aasgaardseja (a poetical explanation of the sudden whirlwind which vexes all mountainous districts) we find a reproduction of the Peninsular superstition of the *Estadéa*, which, it will be recollected, terrified Mr. Borrow's half-witted guide, on the road to Finisterra. Such coincidences are interesting to fancy, as well as valuable to the student of popular literature. For the steps by which "Peace" succeeds to "Strife," we must refer the reader to

the book. It is a reprint of an American translation from the Swedish, and appears to us neatly executed.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edward Cartwright, D.D. F.R.S.
[Second Notice.]

We have already followed the subject of this memoir through his various capacities of poet, physician, parson, power-loom patentee, and calico-manufacturer. We have found him as a poet popular and distinguished—the praised of Scott and Dugald Stewart, and the friend of Crabbe; as the physician of his parish, effecting its cure in a double capacity, saving body and soul; the discoverer of a specific for putrid fever in its last stage, and recorded, as a discoverer, in the annals of legitimate medicine. Next we find him as a mechanic, entering for the first time on the study of mechanism, and conquering its greatest difficulties. A distinguished astronomer on the Continent, himself a discoverer, once mentioned to us this curious fact, that whenever he wished to learn any subject which was new to him, he set about ascertaining what formed the most difficult problem still unachieved in that department of science or of art; and attacking at once that problem, and keeping to it until he solved it, he found that he more speedily and effectually mastered the whole subject than by any other method of study. This seems to have been Cartwright's method, or want of method. But it is the method only for powerful and original minds; and Cartwright has established his claim to that character, having learnt mechanics by attacking at once, while ignorant of the very principles of mechanics, the very highest problem presented to him—the invention of a steam weaver—the creation of the first of a race of workers that now number hundreds of thousands, and extend through every civilized country. We find him as a manufacturer successful in the production of fine and sound fabrics of cotton cloth, by machinery alone. In short, we find him successful always where success depended on the powers of a great and original mind: we find him conquering all the difficulties of matter; its inertia becoming energetic, its rigidity plastic, and its gravity intelligent under the influence of his spirit. But the prejudice, the ignorance, the selfishness, the pride of men—these know him not, acknowledge him not, honour him not. We left him neglected, disgusted—in short, ruined. But with the nobleness of a true soul he is not conquered. It is not for its rewards that he does the work of an inventor and a patriot. He works because it is *his* work, and ought to be done. Here is a list of his labours accomplished in mechanical invention:—

1. A Machine for Weaving . . . 1785
2. Improvements in the same . . . 1786
3. Further Improvements . . . 1787
4. Further Improvements . . . 1788
5. A Wool-Combing Machine . . . 1789
6. Improvements in the same . . . 1790
7. Machine for Manufacturing Ropes 1792
8. Steam-Engine 1797
9. Improvements in Steam-Engine . 1801

Nearly the whole of these were working machines; not schemes, notions, ideas, designs, plausible and impracticable, as many of the patents of the present day, with which the monthly list teems; but the working engines which worked then and since, and took a place permanent or preparatory in the actualities of industry. His mechanism well deserves study: it is characterized by originality, by simplicity, by elegance, by variety of resource, and profusion of invention—in short, by the results of genius. We have told of his disappointments, and the spirit in which he bore them. Before

proceeding to trace his career through its other cycles, we present the following sketch of our hero the inventor, painted by our hero the poet, at this disastrous moment—a man worthy of imitation:—

Sonnet.

With sails expanding to the gales of hope,
My venturous bark pursued her leading star;
Here was a voyage of no common scope,
A voyage of discovery, distant far!
To bright *Invention's* intellectual clime,
In search of useful arts, 'twas mine to roam.
I reached the object of my views sublime,
And, richly freighted, bore my cargo home:
My friends expectant fill the crowded strand.
But ere I gain the shore what storms arise,
My vessel founders e'en in sight of land,
And now a wreck upon the beach she lies!
With firm, unshaken mind that wreck I see,
"Nor think the doom of man should be reversed for me."

We now proceed, as we promised, to give some further extracts illustrative of the works of "the universal Cartwright":—

Cartwright a Wool-Comber—the inventor of Big Ben.—"Mr. Cartwright, though he had accomplished one great object of his wishes in contriving a loom that should be worked by machinery, was not disposed to stop short in a career that seemed to him so promising of success. His next invention—a machine for combing long wool—may be considered as even more original than the former. In the instance of the loom, he had a machine prepared to his hands that was already capable, in one way, of performing the work required of it, and the merit of his discovery consisted in applying a new power in order to produce to a much greater extent motion that had hitherto been only produced by hand; but between the very simple act of combing wool by hand and the process of combing it by means of a complicated machine, that should perform the work of twenty men, there seemed to have been no intermediate gradation—no introduction, as it were, to a more improved method, by any addition to the instrument in common use, and which is as inartificial as it might have been in the days of Bishop Blaize.* It is not precisely known when Mr. Cartwright first attempted a machine for combing wool. His earliest patent relative to that invention is dated the 22nd of August, 1789. The contrivance therein specified is altogether different from that of his later machine, and consisted of a cylinder armed with rows of teeth, which is made to revolve in such a manner as that its teeth may catch and clear out the wool contained in the teeth of the fixed and upright comb. But this imperfect method was, not long afterwards, superseded by the contrivance of a circular horizontal comb-table, for which a patent was obtained the 27th of April, 1790. In this apparatus the teeth of the horizontal table are set vertically, but with a slight inclination towards the centre, and are supplied with wool by means of a circular lasher. Motion is communicated to the different parts of the machine in a very ingenious manner; but the complicated nature of the circular lasher appears liable to objection, and renders it far inferior in effect as well as in simplicity to the subsequent contrivance of the crank-lasher. For this eminent improvement Mr. Cartwright took out another patent, bearing date the 11th of December, 1790; including, also, an alteration in the teeth of the comb-table, which are here set horizontally, and pointing towards the centre. This patent also contains the description of a simple and ingenious apparatus for washing the wool, previously to its being combed. His fourth patent, which is believed to contain his final improvements relative to this branch of manufactures, is dated the 25th of May, 1792. Mr. Cartwright having thus completed his machine for combing wool, the novelty and ingenuity of the contrivance attracted the attention of men of science and distinction, as well as of persons connected with the manufacturing classes. Several of the latter began now to consider this invention, from its prodigious saving of labour, likely to become no less advantageous than that of the loom; and notwithstanding the vast expenses he had incurred in taking out patents both in England and Scotland, and, above all, in bringing his machinery to perfection, there now seemed every rational prospect of ample remuneration, from the acknowledged excellence of the inventions. Such,

* A bishop of Sebaste, in Asia Minor, in the third century, and the patron saint of wool-combers.

indeed, was the encouragement he had met with from those who were supposed to be best acquainted with the state of our manufactures at that time, that several of his friends and immediate connexions were induced to enter into speculations, of which his new discoveries were to form the basis."

Cartwright—Inventor of the Pistons of the Modern Steam-Engine.—This invention is a very important and permanent improvement in the steam-engine, and is valuable in its application to steam navigation, especially Transatlantic, where its use is now universal. An elementary acquaintance with the principle of action of the steam-engine, such as most persons possess, will suffice for the comprehension of this invention, and the appreciation of its value. The chief moving part of the steam-engine is its piston, which receives directly from the pressure of the steam the motion which is afterwards given out in useful work. This piston is simply a round disc of metal, which forms a moveable division in the steam chamber or cylinder. The steam being admitted at one end of this cylindrical chamber, fills that division, and pushes the moveable division or piston with force to the other end of the chamber, after which the steam is let out again into the condenser, where it is consumed or reduced back into water; then a second supply of steam from the boiler is admitted at the further end of the cylinder, where the piston remains, and entering beyond it, pushes it forcibly back to the former extremity from which it originally set out; and thus, by a repetition of efforts, the piston is moved alternately and with rapidity from one end of the cylindrical chamber to the other, and by means of an iron rod connected with other machinery, gives out power in a useful manner. But for the perfection of this operation, a certain provision is necessary, called *packing the piston*. We have already seen that the piston is a partition dividing the cylinder into two chambers, the one containing steam while the other is empty. Now, in the early days of the steam-engine, it was a matter of great difficulty to construct this partition or piston in such a way that it should move with ease along the cylinder, and still preserve a tight or close joint along the surface of the cylinder, so that, while moving, the steam should not escape at the edge of the piston without compelling it to move along its course. To accomplish this, many devices were tried: thongs of leather, that should be pliable and smooth, but stiff and steam-tight, were fixed round the edge of the piston, just as sand-bags are round the edges of doors, to keep out currents of air; but these were soon reduced to a soft pulp, by the heat of the steam. Rope lubricated with tallow was substituted, and, finally, a belt of hemp, plaited so as to give it closeness and elasticity, was laid round in a groove on the edge of the piston, and being lubricated with tallow, effectually accomplished the object, and lasted for a considerable time. The duration of the hempen packing was, however, by no means so long as the exigencies of modern steam navigation require. It also demands frequent adjustment, and would be a source of much inconvenience. But the ingenuity of Dr. Cartwright supplied a method which leaves nothing to be desired. He conceived and executed a mechanism by which rings of metal should acquire all the plasticity, softness, and smoothness of a cushion, with the same durability as the other solid parts of the steam-engine. By combining together springs, wedges, and polished metallic rings, he contrived that the piston should perfectly adapt itself to the inevitable inequalities of the cylinder, and move along from one end to the other air and steam tight, and adapt itself with such

precision to the wearing of the cylinders by time, that by its very use it should become better instead of worse in fitness for use. Such is the metallic piston of the modern steam-engine—the invention of Dr. Cartwright.

Cartwright—Inventor of a simplified Steam Engine, with Surface Condensation.—

"His first patent for a steam-engine was obtained in 1797. A description of this engine, accompanied with a beautiful engraving, forms the first number of that excellent work, the 'Philosophical Magazine,' edited by the late Mr. Tilloch, and first published in June 1798, and a further account of this invention is introduced in the 'Descriptive History of the Steam-Engine,' by Mr. Steuart, who bears a most liberal testimony to its ingenuity. An extract from the former of these works will explain the principles upon which Mr. Cartwright proposed to remedy the defects to which the most improved engine was subject. 'These defects, as every one knows, are an imperfect vacuum, much friction and complicated construction of parts, liable, without great care and attention, to be frequently out of order. It is to these points Mr. Cartwright has immediately, and we may add successfully, directed his attention. His first object seems to have been to obtain, as nearly as may be, an absolute vacuum, which, in consequence of the elastic vapour that separates from water injected in the usual mode of condensation, no one in the least conversant with the philosophy of the steam-engine need be told is impossible. The condensation in his engine is performed by the application of cold to the external surface of the vessel containing the steam. Mr. Cartwright is not, however, the first who tried this method; the same has been attempted by several, but with so little success, that one of our first engineers in this line has been heard to give it as his opinion, that were a pipe to be laid across the Thames the condensation would not be quick enough to work a steam-engine with its full effect. The manner in which Mr. Cartwright manages this business is, by admitting the steam between two metal cylinders, lying one within the other, and having cold water flowing through the inner one and inclosing the outer one. By these means a very thin body of steam is exposed to the greatest possible surface. But this is not all: by means of a valve in the piston, there is a constant communication at all times between the condenser and the cylinder, either above or below the piston, so that whether it ascends or descends, the condensation is always taking place. Mr. Cartwright has been equally attentive in simplifying all the other parts of the engine, his engine having only two valves, and these are as nearly self-acting as may be. But what will probably be esteemed one of the most important circumstances attending these improvements, is the opportunity they afford of substituting ardent spirit, either wholly or in part, in the place of water for working the engine. For as the fluid with which it is worked is made to circulate through the engine without mixture or diminution, the using alcohol, after the first supply, can be attended with little or no expense; on the contrary, the advantage will be great, probably equal to the saving of half the fuel. When, indeed, the engine is applied, as Mr. Cartwright occasionally proposes, both as a mechanical power and as a still at the same time, the whole fuel will be saved. A further advantage of this invention, is its applicability to purposes requiring only a small power, and for which any other engine would be too complicated and expensive.'—See *Philosophical Magazine*, June, 1798. Mr. Steuart observes, that the details of this engine 'are constructed with uncommon ingenuity, and that the whole apparatus may be considered more simple and efficient than any other combination which had been proposed of the parts of the condensing engine.' He concludes a very clear and interesting explanation of its construction by further observing, 'that the machine, from its refined simplicity, appears excellently adapted as a first mover on a small scale. It has never, however, had a fair trial. The objections which were urged against the condensing vessels, at the time of the invention, have always appeared to us more specious than solid.'"

Although we do not entirely subscribe to all these eulogies of this kind of engine, we nevertheless concede to the invention the merits of originality, elegance, and simplicity.

Cartwright triumphant—Merit rewarded.—The progress of truth is somewhat slow—but it is sure—else were this world of ours too much a fiction to be endured; truth and right are in the end realities, though little else be real or enduring. When Cartwright least thought it, and most wanted it, his good deeds found him out, and he was rewarded, aye, and by a government in these lands and in the present century. His declining years were sustained and his retirement soothed by a parliamentary grant of 10,000*l.*, in compensation of the losses he had sustained by the introduction of inventions which had so highly benefited his country. But we will not anticipate the interest of the following details of a revolution in mechanical industry, which is an important element in our present social and mercantile position:—

"It has been already stated, that Dr. Cartwright, even during the existence of his patent-right, had retained but little expectation of deriving any pecuniary advantage from his invention of weaving; and when his latest patent had been several years expired, the prospect of remuneration appeared entirely hopeless. He might be aware that his loom was coming into use, but he had now so little communication with the manufacturing districts, that he could form no idea of the extent to which it was adopted. Weaving by machinery was, however, beginning to make considerable progress, and was even then preparing for him the only compensation that he ever received for years of anxiety and great pecuniary loss. This progress was connected with the circumstances of the times, by which an extraordinary impulse had been given to the British manufactures in general, and which rendered the beginning of the present century a far more favourable period for the introduction of machine weaving than that in which Dr. Cartwright had first attempted it. The great improvements that had been effected in the art of spinning had, with other causes, occasioned a vast accumulation of cotton yarn which, on account of the disturbed state of the continent, could no longer be disposed of in the foreign market; neither could hands (which in consequence of a long protracted war were become less numerous than they had been) be found sufficient to work it up at home. At the same time the demand for English cotton-piece goods was greatly increasing, and the manufacturers found themselves called upon to devise some means of answering a demand which want of hands and want of looms prevented their being able to supply. The only expedient that seemed to present itself was the adoption of the hitherto rejected power-loom; thus literally justifying the hypothetical suggestion of its author in that remarkable conversation which had first turned his attention to the subject of mechanics. From the year 1792, when Messrs. Grimshaw's mill had been destroyed, and Mr. Cartwright's establishment at Doncaster, as well as some others connected with it, was abandoned, it does not appear that any manufacturer had ventured openly to employ his loom, liable, as he would in that case have been, to a payment for its use during the existence of the patent-right. The machine, however, had not been lost sight of, and on its becoming open to the public by the expiration of the patent, several manufacturers sought to adapt it to their own purposes. Great improvements it doubtless did receive from that ingenuity and spirit of enterprise which were called into action by the circumstances of the times, but rather unfairly towards Dr. Cartwright. Some of these improvers assumed to themselves the whole merit of the invention, and though his machine formed the basis, as it still does, of all the power-looms that have hitherto been found effective, his claim to the original invention was far from being generally recognized. In some instances the invention had been ascribed to persons who had formerly worked looms under a licence from Dr. Cartwright, but who, either from want of capital, or the then unfavourable state of the trade, had not succeeded in their undertakings, and yet had retained so decided a conviction of the value of the machine, as to be induced to revive it under more encouraging auspices. The improved quality of the yarn had also contributed to render machine weaving less difficult, as well as the fabric produced by it, of a more perfect quality

than when Dr. Cartwright first undertook it. These extraordinary advances that had been made in the application of mechanical power by improvements in the steam-engine, &c. doubtless facilitated the extension of the power-loom; but in justice to a most ingenious man, it must be acknowledged, that Mr. Radcliffe's admirable contrivance for dressing the warp before it is put into the loom, by which means time and attendance are saved, contributed, probably beyond any other improvement, to render it completely available. About this year, 1806, Dr. Cartwright was induced to make some inquiries respecting the state of the cotton manufacture in general, but more especially in the neighbourhood and town of Manchester, and found that machine weaving was already practised to a much greater extent than he had anticipated, and that considerable profit was accruing, not only to individuals, but to the country at large, from discoveries which to him had been productive of nothing but loss and disappointment. In a letter to his friend Dr. Bardsley, an eminent physician in Manchester, he expressed the bitterness of his feelings on the subject. Dr. Bardsley, with a warmth of friendship most truly appreciated by him in whose favour it was exerted, applied himself to obtain such information as was required to show the grounds on which Dr. Cartwright might have a claim to public gratitude, and also to satisfy the minds of the manufacturers that he really was the original inventor of the machine in question, which so many of them were in the habit of using. A memorial in Dr. Cartwright's favour was signed by fifty of the most respectable and influential gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood of Manchester, and presented to government in August 1807. This memorial was followed, in the spring of 1808, by a petition from Dr. Cartwright to the House of Commons; and the house having agreed to take his claims into consideration, a committee was appointed to that effect, and evidence was examined in support of his allegations.

From the evidence thus adduced it appeared that Dr. Cartwright had expended between thirty and forty thousand pounds in prosecuting and bringing forward his inventions. Whereupon, in the following year, the Government granted to him a sum of ten thousand pounds "for the good service he had rendered the public by his invention of weaving!"

His object had never been the accumulation of money; this grant not only gratified his feelings, but was of real benefit, and assisted him in the prosecution of those agricultural pursuits with which he employed and soothed his declining years. He attained the age of eighty years, and died on the 30th of October, 1823.

Travels in Ireland—[Reisen in Irland]. Part I. By J. G. Kohl.

[Second Notice.]

Mr. Kohl paid much attention to a subject which just now occupies public attention, the relation between landlord and tenant, and its effect on property and on morals. The result of his observations is by no means calculated to remove the anxiety which prevails on the subject.

In few parts of Ireland do either the nobility or gentry understand anything of the Irish language—there are but few places, therefore, where the owners of the soil and the peasants can hold converse. Only in the neighbourhood of Galway, the most national of Irish towns, are the gentry said to understand the Erse language and sometimes to converse in it. In that neighbourhood, too, the priests are bound to preach once every Sunday in that tongue. The best Irish scholars are to be found in those parts: among these are Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, and his Vicar General, Dr. Loftus. The former has published a translation of the *Iliad* in Irish, a language which, possessing rich epic and elegiac stores, is peculiarly fitted for such a translation. The same scholar has recently published an Irish version of the poems of Thomas Moore, which is much admired. Most of the farmers, whom we visited, were in possession of arms—guns and sabres hanging in their houses. 'We could not do without them,' was the expression they made use of to me:

and so with regard to the 'Peelers,' that is to say, the armed police, which one sees in great numbers all over Ireland, the expression is the same, 'We could not do without them.' These richer farmers think as their landlords do, and are completely on their side; for, standing in the position of Middlemen, they have the same fear of the peasantry as the landowner himself. Many combinations exist among the poorer farmers and labourers, and as these combinations are said to be as numerous as the grievances that exist, their name must, indeed, be Legion. Almost all the regulations which an Irish landowner adopts, even those which are directed to the well-being of the tenants, are the objects of resistance by means of an open or concealed conspiracy. Thus, for example, if a landlord wishes to cultivate a bog, which, perhaps, has furnished to the poor neighbouring tenants a scanty fuel of peat, which, whether rightfully or wrongfully, they had been in the habit of taking, his attempt is sure to be the signal to all who have an interest in the preservation of the bog, to enter into a conspiracy against all the works undertaken by the landlord—to destroy them, to remove and throw away the manure which he had brought together for the improvement of the land, and to annoy him until he has lost all wish to continue his invidious task. If a landlord, by raising the rents of his farms, has drawn upon himself the hatred of the tenants, a conspiracy is frequently formed among the neighbouring farmers, who pledge themselves to pay the landlord for the future no higher rent, or perhaps no rent at all, and not to allow others to do it. This naturally embarrasses the landlord, as his revenue is frequently diminished or entirely cut off. For even if any one of the farmers be favourable to him, he is so annoyed by the conspirators around, who not only give him no neighbourly assistance, but oppose him, quarrel with him, beat him, sometimes even murder him, that he is no longer able to continue in his farm, and the landlord is compelled to comply with the wishes of his tenants. When leases expire, it is often difficult for the landlord to remove the tenant from the estate, however much he may wish to dispose of it in any other way; the tenant clings to the property, and holds forcible possession; and although the right is clearly on the side of the landlord, yet there is an appearance of cruelty and injustice in dispossessing the tenant, which enlists many sympathizing neighbours and friends on his side, and thus another conspiracy is formed. Threats are now held out against the landlord in case he attempts to remove the tenant by force or by the forms of law. If he is not to be intimidated, but resolutely appeals to a court of law, the case is brought before a jury consisting mostly of farmers, who are themselves conspirators, and are determined, as they say, not to give a verdict against themselves. Even should the landlord gain his suit, set the people at defiance, discover and prosecute the leaders,—should he even escape their waylayings and their bullets, he does, indeed, get back his farm, but in a very altered and worthless state; for the tenant, in this case, does his best, before he restores it, to exhaust the soil and ruin the property. This, however, is not always the case: the conspiracies frequently extend to the murder of the landlord or one of his chief middlemen, and when this has taken place, it is almost impossible to discover the murderer, as all the parties implicated keep an inviolable secrecy. Almost all the large and wide-spread combinations and conspiracies among the Irish people, of which we have heard so much through Thomas Moore, and the novelists and public journals, owe their origin, not to political circumstances, but to the complicated and unhappy agricultural relations of the country, which, however, are intimately bound up with politics. The Whiteboys, the Defenders, the Heart of Oak Boys, the Peep-o-day Boys, the Ribbonmen, and those associations which are known by the assumed name of their leaders, John Doe, Richard Roe, Captain Dreadnought, Captain Moonlight, Captain Starlight, Captain Rock—all these conspiracies and the like are but different forms of one and the same feeling, varying in name and designation with the varying circumstances of the locality. Of many, it is impossible to say that they have ever disappeared, for one hears of them everywhere, and they are everywhere feared.

Whole parties of poor Irish reapers and labourers passed, during my residence in Edgeworthstown, through the place, and excited my compassion by their

miserable appearance. On my way from Dublin I had already met with swarms of them, who, one and all, complained of the bad time they had had during their service in England. They were all of that class of Irish labourers who wander every year chiefly from the western parts of Ireland, as Connaught, to find employment in the harvest work of the English farmers. The harvest last year was very good, but there were so many unemployed hands to be hired at low wages in England, that the Irish emigrants found themselves badly off; hungry and ragged, they went over to England, and hungry and ragged they came back, having earned scarcely enough to pay the expenses of their journey. These wanderings of the Irish labourers to England, take place as regularly every year as the flight of birds of passage. The price of labour in England being double that in Ireland, (in Ireland it is between 6d. and 8d. per diem, while in England it varies between 1s. and 1s. 6d.) the poor Irish, who live on the poorest food, are generally able to earn the expenses of their journey, and bring back small savings.

Under such circumstances, what wonder is it if the Irish people are ready for temperance, repeal, or anything else which promises an alteration in the existing state of things, for it would be difficult for them to alter for the worse? Mr. Kohl, like all who have visited Ireland in a fair spirit of inquiry, attributes the distress, in a great measure, to the system of underletting, and suggests a remedy which, at any rate, bears a plausible appearance.

The good landlord will direct his attention to one of the greatest evils beneath which the Irish agricultural system groans, namely, the existence of middlemen. In order not to have to treat with a number of petty tenants, or to draw in one large sum, the revenues of the land on which they never resided, it had become the practice of many landowners to let their land in the lump to people who had a certain amount of capital, and who let it again either to the peasant or to other middlemen, provided with less capital, who in their turn underlet it, in small plots, to the actual cultivator of the soil. Thus there arose between the real owner and the real tiller of the land, a series of middlemen, who had no natural interest in the improvement of the estate, but whose great object was to screw as high a rent as possible from the tenant, in order the more easily to pay to the landowner the moderate rent which he required. The most infamous, unjust, and injurious part of this system, however, was that in case any of the middlemen became bankrupt or in any way failed to satisfy the demands of the landlord, the peasant suffered and had to pay his rent a second time. By an act of Parliament, 'the Subletting Act,' the working of which commenced, I believe, from the year 1830, the subletting was entirely forbidden;—this, however, can only have effect on agreements made after that date. There are localities in Ireland where the land has been let to tenants, subtenants, and sub-subtenants, for twenty or thirty years, nay even in perpetuity, and on such agreements the law can have but a slow if any effect. Besides this, the law is often evaded, and a bad old custom is with difficulty removed by the operation of a law. The tyranny and misery to which the poor under tenants were, and, as I must add, still are, subjected by this system of middlemen, will scarcely be credited. It frequently occurs that if the first tenant or middleman, through extravagance or vice, be unable or unwilling to pay the landlord, the latter has no other means of obtaining his rents than that of coming upon the land, that is, sending his driver to collect the cattle and other property which may be on the farm, and to sell them for the payment of the rent. If then the middleman has no property of this kind, or has removed it, the loss falls on the poor under tenant, who not unfrequently has paid his rent to the immediate landlord, but is nevertheless obliged to pay it again to the owner of the soil. Examples of this disgraceful injustice were (and are?) not unfrequent. But usage warrants the greatest injustice, and it was the usage for the owner, if the middleman failed in his payment, to come upon the tenant. These are undoubtedly things unheard of in any other country of Europe: but there are many things connected with Irish agriculture equally unheard of. There are parts of Ireland, where the

people do not understand how to make a threshing floor, and where they use any hard plot of ground, or even a piece of a macadamized road for that purpose. Till very recently there were to be found in many places, carts with wheels without spokes, nay, even carts without wheels at all, called *slide cars*. The length of time too for which leases are granted, is a point of no small importance, and many Irish farmers are only tenants at will. Such people have little interest in the improvement of the land, for they have no security that they shall not at any moment be driven out of their farm. Of course it is in the power of the landlord to let his land for as long or as short a period as he pleases. But there are certain forms of compact and certain periods for which they are concluded, in general use in Ireland. Thus there are some leases for ever, some for periods of 99, 31, or 21 years, some for three lives, those of father, son, and grandson. It is said, and, alas, with too much reason, that in consequence of the recently extended franchise, and the agitating policy of O'Connell, the farmers are apt to side against their landlords, and the landlords, having found out, that tenants who are protected by long leases, are self-willed and often vote against the wishes of the owners of the soil, are now more than ever indisposed to grant long leases, so that through fear of removal they may keep the tenants in a state of dependence.

Some of the remedies which Mr. Kohl suggests are thus stated:—

It would be advisable, if the thing could be accomplished, to forbid entirely these tenancies at will, and to compel the landlords, by a legislative enactment, to let their land on lease. This is indeed the general wish of the agricultural population, and what they call "fixity of tenure." No way or means, however, have yet been devised, by which to effect this fixity of tenure, and change these uncertain tenants at will into hereditary tenants of the soil. Being thus so far behind in the march of civilization, it is not unnatural that the idea has not occurred to any one in Ireland, of venturing on the further step of converting the tenants into freeholders. Even the bold O'Connell does not seem to dream of such a step. And this is especially remarkable, as it shows how far the cause of the agricultural population, the most important and first class of society, on which the whole fabric of the State rests as upon its base, has advanced in the states of Europe beyond the condition of the Irish peasantry. Under most European governments—in France by means of a revolution, in almost all the German States by wise reforms—the oppressed and subjugated peasant has been freed from the old feudal power of the nobles, and converted from a bondman and a slave into a free though petty land-owner. Even in Russia, during the last few years, regulations have been adopted and steps taken, tending to make the peasant less dependent on his lord, and to give him by degrees ownership over the soil which he tills. It is only in England and Ireland that no one seems to have dared to think, whether it would not be a wise thing to promise the poverty-stricken and depressed Irish farmer the possession of his land as a freehold, or, if this were impossible without a revolution, to follow the example of Prussia, Saxony, and other countries, and to adopt measures of reform whereby the tenants at will and leaseholders should become by degrees hereditary tenants, fixing the rent to be paid by such tenants by law, allowing, and at last enforcing the purchase of the property on the part of the tenant, and by these means gradually forming the free peasant and independent freeholder. Men have not thought of inquiring, as has been done in France and Germany, and in some of the Russian provinces, whether the peasant has not an older and better right to the land than the owner, who grew over his head gradually by force and oppression, and by degrees abstracted from him the land of his fathers. There is, in Great Britain, so holy an awe of touching the rights of property, as recognized by the State, that no one seems to be able to raise himself to so elevated a point of view as would show him that it might be consonant with the highest wisdom for the State herself to violate these rights.

Mr. Kohl then proceeds to show how the land in Ireland came into the possession of noble English families, a tale of wrong which we have

already heard too often. Our author is not so singular in his views as to the means of ameliorating the condition of the peasantry, both Irish and English, as he appears to imagine. There have been many writers and theorists, both in England and Ireland, who have proposed plans similar to those which he himself suggests, and have cast many a "longing, lingering look" back upon those times—

ere England's woes began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

Into these views and speculations we cannot now enter; but we present Mr. Kohl's opinions to the reader as worthy of attention, as the sincerity of them is not likely to have been warped by party prejudice. We will further prove this by showing that Mr. Kohl can appreciate the advantages as well as the disadvantages accruing to Ireland from English rule. Speaking of Limerick, he says:—

In the more modern part of this city the tokens of wealth are clearly seen; for it is beautifully built, has fine and imposing streets, as regards their breadth and the size of the houses, which rival even the best in Dublin itself. St. George's Street may be, without disparagement, compared with Sackville Street, in Dublin. St. George is an English saint, and the whole of this modern part of the town is called "the English town." It forms a pleasing contrast to that portion which is called "the Irish town." The same division into English and Irish is to be found in Galway and other Irish cities. These Irish parts are full of dirt, disorder, and ruin; the English, on the contrary, are built after the fashion of the best parts of London. The population of these two divisions seem to live in a kind of opposition to each other. As the English have furnished the cleanest and most respectable parts of all Irish towns, so the Irish, to the number of 60,000 in Manchester, 50,000 in Glasgow, 40,000 in Liverpool, 25,000 in Birmingham, and 12,000 in Leeds, have disfigured the chief English and Scotch towns, by the appendage of a filthy and disorderly Helot-quarter. An Irish quarter, such as St. Giles's, in London, is to be found in almost all large English towns. It is therefore not to be wondered at if the English complain of the Irish. The Irish, on the other hand, ought, in all their complaints against the English, sometimes to call to mind the many benefits derived from the English, of which they are partakers. Who are they but Englishmen who speculate in the improvement of the Shannon and other Irish rivers? Who but English who plan the draining and cultivation of Irish bog-land? Are they not the English who drive the fairies and witches into the sea? Have not the English filled Ireland with elegant dwellings and country seats? Are they not the English, again, in whom lies the soul and pith of British power, through whom the Irish participate in the trade of the British nation, which embraces the whole world, through whom they enjoy the thousand opportunities and advantages which are open to a British subject? Are they not the sinewy, speculative, persevering, Anglo-Saxons, who drag on (sometimes, perhaps, by the hair) the indolent Celts, in the race of fame and national greatness?

In the following passage, the graceful and grotesque are strangely mingled. Mr. Kohl seems fond of speculating on the causes of female beauty; with what success we leave to the reader to decide:—

The fairest thing in Limerick, however, is the fair sex itself. The Limerick lasses are as famous in Ireland as are the Lancashire witches and the Welch women in England. It is remarkable that both the places renowned for the beauty of their women lie to the west, and, indeed, to the more Celtic west of both islands. Is it, perhaps, the greater mixture of the Saxon with the Celtic race that has produced this greater degree of beauty? In western and southern Ireland, too, Spanish blood has been mixed with that of the people, and perhaps it is this admixture of southern fire with northern tenderness which has produced so agreeable a result. Or is not the neighbourhood of the Ocean, breathing fresh breezes from the west, the cause of this phenomenon? But who can fathom all the mysteries which are to be found

in the roaring and forming of beautiful women? I went round the town in the company of an O'Rourke, a descendant of a royal race. It is well known that an O'Rourke was one of the most renowned Irish princes, who first favoured the conquest of Ireland by the English, and afterwards was put to death by them. The family afterwards fell into decay, and at the present day there are but few of the name left. It was a Saturday evening, and therefore the pawnbrokers' shops, of which there are a great many in all Irish towns, were full of stir and bustle, some being crowded like market-places in full market. All these people were redeeming their Sunday clothes, employing for this purpose, as usual, some portion of their weekly wages, just received! The remainder was probably spent either the same evening or the next day: on Monday their Sunday dress goes back to the pawnbroker. There are thousands of people in Ireland who live in this way, during the week in rags, hunger, and misery, on Sundays in every kind of finery. Of course this is a very costly mode, as all the pawnbrokers, with their shopmen, must live at their expense. The Saturday is, in all Irish towns, as it is indeed in the whole of the United Kingdom, a day full of the greatest bustle, being followed by the quiet and joyless Sunday; for, as the weekly toil is ended, and there is no lack of money, one usually sees in the evening of that day, even till midnight, half the population of the towns busy in the streets, talking, joking, buying, and drinking. Shops and markets are open till midnight, and provision dealers and chandler's-shop keepers do then most business, as the poorer classes all buy something extra for their Sunday dinner, and fill up other little gaps in their household arrangements. The beggars, too, are best off on that day, as was lately shown by one of them, in a court of justice at Dublin, inasmuch as the working people and others who like to give to beggars have most to bestow on Saturdays. When I first visited England I always thought, on arriving in a town on Saturday evening, that either a riot had just taken place or was about to occur, for the people whom one then observes hurrying about the streets, are all of the lower classes, and crowded together in such masses, that one would think that were the smallest spark to fall among such inflammable matter it would set it in a blaze. Yet there are not only sparks, but very large torches flung into this inflammable mass without doing the least harm. Thus, I saw one Saturday evening at Limerick, a placard stuck up on every gate, and on every lamp-post of the city, containing a proclamation from the friends of O'Connell to the Irish people, in the name of this great agitator, who was to appear there in a few days and harangue them. It ran in some such way as this: "Repeat! Repeat! Repeat! Up, citizens and people of Limerick, and all Irishmen! Up for a separation from England, for your birthright of a separate parliament! The immortal O'Connell will appear among you; it is he who calls you; he needs your help for the cause of Erin. Be firm and united, and, like him, never cease to watch over the welfare of your country, and to be ever active for the great cause of our land!" Besides these, there were other and still stronger expressions, which I have unfortunately forgotten, inciting the people to hold together, to appear in numbers at the intended meeting, to provide themselves with warm patriotism, and plenty of tribute for O'Connell. The people stood and read this proclamation by the light of the lamps, discussing how many pence or shillings they could contribute to the rent, and then went quietly home.

In Kerry Mr. Kohl examined into the truth of the current reports respecting the knowledge of Latin among the peasantry. Here we have the result of his investigation, together with a visit to a hedge school in the same county:—

I have already spoken of these learned, "highbred" Kerry men, and being now in the county itself I was curious to learn what I could respecting their much praised Latin education. I had heard everywhere a great deal about shepherds, herdsmen, and ploughmen who could read and speak Latin; but all I have seen of it myself is this: in two instances men pretended to understand Latin, and recited to me a few scraps of corrupt Latin, which they had retained from the mass or the Ave Maria of their priest; and once a

peasant's son knew something more, and was able to quote a passage from Horace; but he told me that he had been brought up for a priest, and not having succeeded in his priestly career had returned to his father's plough. I met with another instance of this at a later period; whence I conclude that the Latin of the Kerry men is generally connected with the church service, and is learned with reference to it; but that we must not infer from the praise we hear of their classical knowledge, that shepherds learn the language for the sake of refined enjoyment, or for the cultivation of their minds. "They do not even understand English," said my neighbour on the car to me. "They do not even understand English in these parts" is in the western districts of England, Ireland, and Wales, a standing expression to indicate the barbarous state of the people. The English language is here the basis and essence of all civilization, and people endeavour to learn it, as it will help them on much more easily than their own barbarous Irish, which is only in use among the poor inhabitants of the remote parts of the country. In a similar way it is said in France and the Pyrenees of the Biscayans, and in the Vosges mountains of the Germans, "they do not even understand French." And so in Bohemia, Galicia, among the peasants of Courland, Livonia, &c. the common effort of the peasantry is to learn German, and it is considered a mark of education to understand and to speak that language. I had, however, an opportunity of observing the mode in which, in these out-of-the-way parts of Ireland, the light of mental cultivation is transmitted, by falling in with a hedge school of the old national style. It was indeed a touching sight. The school-house was a mud hovel, covered with turf, without windows or other comforts. The youthful scholars all sat, wrapped up as well as they might be in their rags, near the low door of the hut, which stood wide open, all holding their little books towards this aperture in order to get as much as possible of the small quantity of light that was admitted through it. Many of the little fellows sat or lay on the floor; behind them some were seated on a couple of forms, patched up of irregular boards, and behind these stood some taller ones who held their books to the light between the heads of the front ranks. The master, dressed in the national costume, sat in the midst of the crowd. In a sketch book of Ireland this would have formed an essential picture, and I infinitely regretted the want of a Daguerreotype in order to perpetuate it. Outside the door lay as many pieces of peat as there were boys within, every boy having brought one with him as a fee for the master. The latter, on my entering through the narrow door, rose from his barrel, and, with a friendly salutation, apologized for not being able to offer me a chair, saying, "Indeed I am very sorry, your honour, that I have not the opportunity of offering you a chair." He was teaching the children the English alphabet; the boys looking very cheerful, brisk, and clear over their study; and if we consider their poverty, their food, and clothing, we must indeed greatly wonder at this phenomenon, which is perceptible in almost all Irish children, at least in the country. The school-house lay close by the road side, but the children lived several miles off, and even the schoolmaster did not lodge near. At certain hours they all meet here, and in the evening, when the day's work is over, the boys put their horn books in their pockets and run away homewards: the schoolmaster closes the door as well as he can, puts his peat fees into a bag, and, staff in hand, walks to his remote cottage across the bog. Here we have a characteristic Irish picture.

The reader, we suppose, will scarcely be satisfied unless we give him Mr. Kohl's experience of teetotalism in Ireland, a subject to which he devotes more than one chapter. Respecting this movement, he remarks:—

Where can we find a similar example of a nation, without preparation, without previous instruction, at once rising, at the call of a single individual, while its vices were at their height (for the Irish were notorious as the greatest drunkards in the world), contending against itself, against its own passions, not unfrequently against the privileged classes and the most powerful of its priests, tearing itself from pleasant and long indulged habits, and confining itself to strict and rigorous abstinence! A whole people has in this case done what in the Middle

Ages only a few pious monks were able to perform. How hard it is to fulfil that saying of Christ, that we should put off the old man and put on the new man! Yet here we have an instance of five millions of men fulfilling the command in one great particular. They have put off at once an old man, laden with diseases which have resisted the craft of every physician, and have put on a new, abstinent, and sober man in his stead. In all reforms and revolutions there have ever been thousands of men who have gained some temporal advantages by the change. In the Lutheran reformation many princes were active favourers of the reforming party, because it gave them a pretext for confiscating abbeys, ecclesiastical preferments, and rich church property. In the French revolution the revolutionists took possession of the estates of the higher classes. The revolutionary heroes of those changes, had also the easier work, as they swam with the great stream, which carried men away before it, and enriched them at the expense of others. But in this Irish temperance movement every one appears to lose and no one to gain, from Father Mathew himself, the apostle of temperance, up to the English Government. This Father Mathew had a brother, the proprietor of a large distillery, in which two other of his brothers had large shares. His sister had married another great distiller, of the name of Halkett; in short, all his relations were connected in some way with the spirit trade, as was almost always the case in Ireland. All these people were ruined in their worldly interests by the reform projected by their relative; who, notwithstanding, was not deterred from prosecuting his design, for effecting what he considered beneficial for the people. The spirit distillers and sellers, the public-house and hotel keepers, were a class of men more numerous and influential in Ireland than in any other country, and these people exercise a direct influence upon the lowest classes; and yet against this influential body, who held this sweet poison in their hands, as Hebe held the divine nectar, men who busied themselves in striving to lull to sleep the guardian angel of the people—against this powerful class the storm arose. Nor were these the only party who lost; the clergy and the nobility were also sufferers, as also the Government, whose excise revenue was materially diminished. All these losing parties could only contemplate in the far distance the advantages they would derive from having sober and orderly subjects, and were therefore interested in the maintenance of the old condition of things. The people themselves, who were to abstain from drink, did they gain anything by this reform? Were they not rather to subject themselves to what appeared to them one of the hardest privations? Were they not required to deny themselves that which they had long considered as their only consolation in their deepest misery? Were they to be unfaithful to the cup which had seemed to them the Lethæan draught of forgetfulness, under all their oppressive sorrows? They were required to surrender themselves to a sobriety which would make them feel all that was most depressing in their condition, and only promised them a sweet and profitable reward in the dim distance. Thus, as I have said, all classes appeared interested in opposing the progress of temperance, and this reform had to stem the strong torrent of the interests, passions, and inclinations of all sorts and conditions of people. Scarcely anywhere can we find those who were to gain by this measure. Gain of course was promised, but it was gain of so peculiar, I ought to add of so unearthly, a nature, as very rarely to have any charms for wilful, sinful man. Order, industry, virtue, peace with all mankind, these were the fruits which the apostle of temperance pronounced as the results of sobriety. And then the earthly advantages which were to flow from it,—the better regulation of the household, which was promised as a consequence to the poor,—the more regular payment of rents, which was promised to the landlords, if by their example and influence they would consent to advance the cause of temperance,—the better and truer subjects which were held out as an inducement to Government—all these were advantages so little appreciable at the moment, requiring so much sacrifice at the first, and promising at last only a probable and tardy fulfilment, that they would seem to possess but few attractions. Yet the people flocked together passionately, I might say madly, by thousands, and hundreds

of thousands, made all these sacrifices, and allowed themselves to be converted by this great apostle, who triumphed as gloriously in his cause as almost any apostle before him. Father Mathew often admitted in one day four, five, eight thousand men, and once as many as thirteen thousand. At his first appearance in Galway no fewer than two hundred thousand men gathered together to see him, to hear him, and for the most part to be registered by him in the list of teetotalers. As the Irish Temperance Society has existed for five years, and numbers five millions of members, it must on the average, have received nearly three thousand members a day. These are all extraordinary occurrences, such as the historian in vain seeks a parallel to, and the affair is more creditable to the Irish nation than anything else that has ever been known of it. For the rest, it is a natural result of the constitution of human nature, that the whole reform was by no means effected by purely spiritual and righteous means; and it is also clearly comprehensible how many who favoured the cause did it from no pure desire for the welfare of mankind and the cause of sobriety. * * The motives, too, which have influenced men to enter the temperance societies have not always been as pure and clear as crystal. I have already mentioned the Irish beggars, who sometimes adorn themselves with the temperance medal because they know that it gives them a much better chance of obtaining alms. Many, too, of the landlords have taken up the temperance cause, merely to give an example, because they hope that sober tenants will be more inclined to pay their rent regularly than drunkards. Many people have made temperance serve the cause of niggardliness and avarice; for many miserly persons think themselves peculiarly fortunate on finding in temperance so excellent and laudable a pretext with which to cover their avarice and spare their guineas. They give now to their families and guests water for wine, and tea for punch; and as temperance has prevailed and is the order of the day in Ireland, nobody ventures to grumble at the substitution. Others have been led to join the movement, not by their love of moderation, and conviction of its excellence, but by a kind of fanaticism and superstition. They think not only to secure their souls' health in the next world by this means, but they ascribe sundry beneficial and protecting powers to the blessings of Father Mathew and the medal which he bestows, and consider these medals as a species of talisman.

We are almost afraid that if the matter were thoroughly investigated, this last cause would be found among the most influential incentives to the temperance movement in Ireland. But whatever the causes that have most tended to produce the effect, the effect cannot be denied. Mr. Kohl bears witness to the sobriety of the Irish people and the better state of things resulting from it; but he is inclined to fear that the duration of the teetotal society depends on the life of Father Mathew. He thinks, that unless he lives long enough to consolidate it, it is likely to fall to pieces, as it depends now entirely on him for its existence and continuance. This dependence on an individual, and superstitious reverence for his blessing and his medals, cannot but be productive of prejudicial effects; and we must confess, that, gladly as we hail anything that throws a gleam of light on the gloomy prospects of Ireland, we do not look with any great degree of confidence to the duration of this temperance reform.

We now take our leave for the present of Mr. Kohl; but shall wait impatiently for his forthcoming second volume on Ireland to return to that country; and hope soon to hear his opinions on our own habits and customs, and doubt not that we shall gather many useful lessons therefrom.

The Book of Scottish Song: a Collection of the best and most approved Songs of Scotland, with Critical and Historical Notices. Glasgow and London, Blackie.

"THE most extensive collection ever published" is the motto on the cover of this work; an invi-

tation not quite so attractive as the publishers intend: quantity without quality is a great evil. But the present publication is full of matter for remark; and perhaps our judgment of its value will be better gathered from a few discursive observations, than from a more formal character. The "provincial" air, with which every page is stamped, is of service to this book rather than otherwise, as giving it a character different from former collections. Many of the contributors, too, belong to a younger generation than was charmed by the melody and pathos of Burns and Cunningham. We are glad to find that hard times and Kirk discords have not been able to destroy the love of song in Scotland.

The very first ditty, indeed, which tempts an annotation, reminds us how wide and deep and universal is the love of melody among our neighbours. 'My only joe and dearie' was the production of John Gall, a compositor, who died early. The next page gives us 'Gree bairnies, gree!' by William Miller, a working cabinet-turner. John Mayne, the better-known author of 'Logan Braes' and 'The Siller Gun,' was connected for many years with the *Star*, London newspaper. Alexander Keay, whose 'Bright Star' is a very fair song of its Della Cruscan kind, is a ploughman. The beautiful 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie' came from the loom of William (not Tam) Glen, weaver: alas! that we must add, one who died in poverty. The new set of 'O'er the Muir' belongs to Stewart Lewis, an Ecclefechan tailor; while 'Love's Adieu' was written by Joseph Grant, a Kincardineshire peasant, whose fortunes—as far as a meagre paragraph enables us to gather, his history—were of like complexion with those of poor Alexander Bethune: he, too, died of consumption. As to the contributions of schoolmasters, booksellers, &c. &c., it were loss of time to attempt their enumeration. To most of the songsters we have mentioned Fame could hardly have been the inducement, so much as that spontaneous love of rhyme and tune which belongs to certain classes, or which, to speak more exactly, originates in certain social conditions. The Scotch are certainly not so gay a people as the Irish; we even question whether, in amount of animal spirits, they would not be beaten by the children of Rebecca's country,—but they are the most persevering race of singers of the three,—the Munster melodists and the *Pennillion* harpers not forgotten: and the fact, and the causes for the fact, are not too unimportant to claim notice and examination from all who interest themselves in the education and the pleasures of the people.

In proportion, however, as we admire and rejoice in the activity of the minstrels "ayont the Border," we are bound to resist all moss-trooping propensities. We will not accept of a Scottish King Cole, nor of "an Old Scottish Gentleman." The best of these imitations is an awkward, unreal thing; and how bad they can be, a single verse will suffice to show:—

His deer was op'd to every one who'd fight for Scotland dear,
The stranger cold and harper old were always welcome here,
For aye he loved to hear the tale of ancient deeds of worth,
How England's might, on Bannock's field, did quail beneath

Bruce's spear,
The rare old Scottish gentleman, all of the olden time.

Such hybrid productions have no proper place in any collection of national songs. Moreover, in this book, we have too many high-flown ditties, which want the racy flavour of the Munster melodists, and are but little fresher than Covent Garden flowers of rhyme served up second-hand at Vauxhall. Too many songs of Hector Macneil and of Robert Tannahill are open to this objection. So, too, we agree with Burns, in rejecting 'The Banks of the Dee' as sickly

and unmeaning fustian, fit alone for the far-famed vase at Bath-Easton. Coarse as it is, we would rather have the 'Wee Wifukie' of jolly Dr. Geddes, than an artificial garland of such sentimentalities. The name of Dr. Geddes reminds us that not the worst contributions to this vocal anthology have been from clerical sources,—witness his 'Lewie Gordon': witness, too, 'Tibbie Fowler,' said to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Strachan,—and the Rev. Norman Macleod's 'Farewell to Funery,' which is more orthodox, perhaps, but less spirited than the above,—and 'When lonely thou wanderest,' from a fragment by Dr. Arnott, who seems to have followed Hoadley, and Home, and Maturin, in allowing himself the indulgence of dramatic composition.

We will now let a Scottish minstrel or two sing a stave; and the first chosen shall be by Robert Miller, a law student of Glasgow, who died when only twenty-five. There is a touch of Millevoe's deep and tender melancholy in it, though the manner be somewhat conventional, and though the "Doric" of the singer's own land be so little used, that it can hardly be considered as a Scottish song.

The loved of early days!
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountain tops are—
Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine past.
Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;
Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves;
Some where the myrtle weeps
O'er Roman graves.
And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes;
Like a remembered dream
The dead arise;
In the red track of war
The restless sweep;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.
The braes are bright with flowers,
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams,
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there
In the rejoicing past,
Where are they?—where?

Ere we treat the reader to another tune, we must further call the editors of this "extensive collection" to account for swelling its columns by unlawful means. Why, for instance, have they given that piece of dislocation from a noble poem of Wordsworth's, which has figured in 'Rob Roy,' the opera? Wherefore have they capped the ditty of ditties, 'John Tod,'—a piece of humour, and a piece of character to boot, of which Béranger himself need not have been ashamed,—with the paltry and second-hand 'John Maut,' which follows it? To tie up weeds with flowers is bad policy. Now for another song, by one of the modern poets who passed away ere justice could be done to his great and original merits—we mean William Motherwell:—

Ye bonnie haughs, and heather braes,
Where I hae past youth's blithest days,
Ane idle dream o' bliss ye be,
That gars me sigh for my ain countrie.
O bauld we made through Stirling town,
Wi' pistol, sword, and musketoon;
And banner braid displayed had we,
Like brave men biding company.
We left our laves, we left our homes,
We left our bairns and winsome dames;
And we drew our swords right manfully,
To back the king o' our ain countrie.

* Why should not 'Rob Roy' be reset in proper musical style, and some English musician try to make of it our 'Guilherme Tell,' by a process similar to that adopted by Rossini, while treating his Swiss subject, namely, a union of nationality of colour with classicism of form? The story is full of excellent material; as matters stand, we have but a melodrama with interspersed music.

But Carlile yetts are wat wi' blude:
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Ha'e staid' the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwinin in this fremit land,
Does feckless mak' baith heart and hand,
And gars their tears drap frae my e'e,
That ne'er sail fa' in my ain countrie.
O Caron brig is auld and worn,
Where I and my forbears were born;
But bonnie is that brig to see,
By ane fremit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
Is borne the water's cruning clear,
Making a moan and a melodie,
That weds my heart to my ain countrie.
O gin I were a wee wee bird,
To light adown at Randelfuird,
And in Kirk o' Muir to close my e'e
And fold my wings in my ain countrie.

This last verse gives us occasion to remark how constantly we find, not only particular persons, but also particular localities, adverted to in Scottish song. Our wolds, and downs, and dales, have nothing to show compared with almost every birk, and shaw, and heap of ruin, betwixt John o' Groat's house and "merrie Carlisle." Who has sung—not poetized—the Wye, or the Tamar, or the Lune? Yet these are streams at least as worthy as the Tweed and the Tay. Neither have we as yet a good ditty of Sherwood, nor of the Peak country, nor of the Cornish mines, where it might be thought that a strange adventurous life, taken in conjunction with wild aspects of Nature, must have set some one a-singing, had our people that spontaneous tunelessness, uniting music and words by instinct, not rule, which distinguishes the natives of other districts. Popular instruction, such as we are now thankful to see in course of diffusion throughout England, may heighten enjoyment, by giving the means of regulated execution, in a delightful and sociable art; but the compositions that may be expected to result from this or any other system, will be as different from the lilt and strathspeys of Scotland, and the *purths* and planxies of Ireland, as the cherry on the wall, trained by the gardener's art,—ample in fruitage, and symmetrical in form,—from the wild blossom, tossing its arms about as the breeze wills, in the depths of its native forest, so healthily and heartily sung by Barry Cornwall. Where, for instance, in England, will a Head or a Howitt pick up such a dialogue as one we find reported in a note to Madame Dudevant's 'Consuelo,' which would seem to show that even the French, whom we have been accustomed to consider as a prosaic people, are richer in the article we mean, than the countrymen of those kings of song-poets, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson?—

If you listen attentively (says the writer,) to the players on the *cornemuse* (a species of bag-pipe) who play the part of minstrels in the central districts of France, you will perceive that they know by heart two or three hundred compositions of the same style and character, which, nevertheless, are not borrowed from each other, and you will become aware, that in less than three years this immense repertory becomes entirely renewed. I had lately a conversation something like the following, with one of the fraternity.—"You have learned a little music?" "Certainly: I have learnt to play the *cornemuse* with the great drone and the *musette* with keys." "Where did you take your lessons?" "In the woods of the Bourbonnais." "Who was your master?" "A woodman." "Then you know your notes well." "As if I did not!" "In what key were you playing?" "Key! what does that mean?" "Were you not playing in D?" "I don't understand your D." "What names, then, do you call your notes?" "They are the notes; they have no particular names." "How do you recollect so many different tunes?" "By listening." "And who composes them?" "Plenty of people: famous musicians in the woods." "What else do they do?" "They are wood-cutters." "We have a saying that music grows in the forest." "And you go to find it there?" "Every year; the common sort of musicians don't. They listen about on the high

roads, and repeat what they get as well as they can. But for the right *accent*, one must go and hear the woodmen of the Bourbonnais."—"And when do they invent that?" "Walking about, or coming home at night, or resting on a Sunday." "Do you compose?" "A little—but it is not worth much. One should have been born in the woods to compose, and I am of the plain. There's no one better than me for the *accent*, but I am no hand at making tunes, and had better never try." I tried to make him explain what he meant by *accent*. But he could not do it, perhaps because he knew it too well,—or because he thought I was not worthy of being so enlightened. He was a young, grave man, as swarthy as a Calabrian *pifferaro*—going about from *fête to fête*—and not sleeping for three nights at a time, because it was necessary for him to walk six or eight leagues before sunrise, to reach his destination in time. For this he was none the worse, drinking pitchers of wine which would have stupefied an ox, but never complaining, like Sir Walter Scott's trumpeter "that he could not play *pew* on a dry humlock." The more he drank, the graver and the prouder he became. He played very well, and had reason to be vain of his *accent*.—His playing, we observed, implied a perpetual variation on every theme.

For the sake of the illustration, and in consideration that this is a *fantasia* rather than a criticism, we must be excused the digression, which, after all, is not so wide as it may seem, the *bourrée* of central France having a distant resemblance to many of the Scottish bagpipe tunes. But the value of the passage lies in the light it throws upon the origin of national music; and if our inferences be at all correct, we shall see why the Scotch, the Irish, and the Welsh (Mr. Chappell must forgive us), are richer than ourselves. Theirs are the tunes of instinct and imitation, invented by wild men for wild instruments; ours are the productions of trained musicians; at best based upon some more ancient and traditional melodies, of which, however, there are no longer any traces extant.

But it may be thought an Irish way of proving Scotch wealth, to descant upon English poverty; and we had better, therefore, without further apology, return to Messrs. Blackie's collection for a farewell song. The book has opened of itself, at a name which is full of interest, and we will take—

The Making o' the Hay.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Across the riggs we'll wander,
The new-mown hay amang,
And hear the blackbird in the wood,
And give it sang for sang.
We'll give it sang for sang, we will,
For lika heart is ray,
As lads and lasses trip along
At making o' the hay!
It is sue sweetly scented,
It seems a maiden's breath;
Aboon, the sun has withered it,
But there is green beneath,
But there is calter green beneath,
Come, lasses, foot away!
The heart is dowie can be cauld
At making o' the hay!
Step lightly o'er, gang safely by,
Mak' riggs and furrow clean,
And coil it up in fragrant heaps,
We maun ha'e done at e'en,
We maun ha'e done at gloaming e'en;
And when the clouds grow grey,
Ilk lad may kiss his bonnie lass
Amang the new-mado hay!

Miller, and Motherwell, and Nicoll, are all gone: but there are still a hundred rising singers in Scotland, who will not let the credit of the old country, or the memory of her old tunes die: and this cheap and comprehensive book we are now closing, perhaps may serve as an awakener to some "mute inglorious" Hogg tending his sheep; or to some hitherto silent Allan Cunningham, plodding his way homeward by the banks of the Nith, and "crooning" to himself the while.

A Treatise on Photography. By N. P. Lerebours.

Translated by J. Egerton. Longman & Co.

To those who are desirous of pursuing the Daguerriotype processes, for the production of good photographic pictures, this treatise will be of considerable value. It is however little more than a compilation from the numerous essays which have been published, from time to time, by those experimentalists who have devoted their attention to the improvement of Daguerre's process: indeed, this is all it professes to be. As the title might lead many to suppose that the book embraces all the photographic processes which have been given to the world, or at least, the most sensitive and generally useful, we are bound to state, that very little beyond the Daguerriotype engages the attention of the author. However, the directions given for the choice of the plates, the polishing and iodizing processes—the use of the camera and the exposure to mercurial vapour—and the subsequent fixing process, appear to furnish the amateur with all the manipulatory details necessary for the production of pleasing Daguerriotypes.

We regret that the translator has not given English weights and measures. However familiar he may be with the gramme and the decilitre, it is not to be expected that all those, for whom the book is evidently intended, should be aware of the proportion these bear to English measures of quantity. The portion of the book which we regard as the most useful, is that which contains directions for taking portraits. These are evidently the results of a long practice in the art.

The French may well be proud of having, by their exceeding liberality, bought "for the world"—which means with them every place but England—the most perfect of any of the photographic processes. Notwithstanding the exceeding beauty of many of the processes on paper, and the great advantage which these possess of enabling us to multiply originals, we readily admit, that nothing has yet been produced at all equal in exquisite finish, sharpness of outline, and delicate beauty of detail, to those pictures which are impressed upon the iodized silver tablets of Daguerre. But though we acknowledge thus much, we must claim for our countrymen the merit of having developed an infinitely larger amount of interesting phenomena, connected with the changes produced on chemical compounds by the agency of the solar rays, than not only the philosophers of France, but than all the philosophers of the continent. We do not understand that feeling which leads scientific inquirers of one nation to pass slightly over, or to assume ignorance of the inquiries which have been pursued by those of other nations. Such a spirit is beneath the dignity of a philosophic mind, and bears the stamp of a contemptible jealousy. There is something noble in national pride. To boast of a great discovery made by a countryman, argues a pleasing brotherhood, and even the act of lauding an achievement above its deserts, is as excusable as the parental display of the efforts of a darling, and, it may be, a talented child. But in the book now before us, and this is but a type of a great number of essays to which the same remarks apply, the labours of the English experimentalists are kept with great caution out of sight. It is true that Mr. Talbot's Calotype process is given, but this, with the exception of so much of Mr. Ponton's method as was adopted by M. E. Becquerel, is the only photographic preparation discovered by an Englishman that is mentioned in this volume of 216 pages. Not one, of all the beautiful and curious processes discovered by Sir John Herschel is named, and to this distinguished philosopher photography, as an art, is more indebted than to any other

man; and in realizing the scientific hopes of Arago, he is the experimentalist who stands without an equal, whether we regard the extent of his researches, or his philosophic deductions from them. We have said that Mr. Fox Talbot's Calotype is thought worthy of a place in M. Lerebours' treatise, but even this is very meagrely described, and appears to be due to some degree of personal acquaintance rather than to any appreciation of its excellence. To Mr. Fox Talbot something more than this was due, and although we are sorry he has acted so ill-advisedly as to patent his process, we acknowledge the extent of his researches.

If this forgetfulness of the claims of others had been confined to this treatise only, we should not have thought it worthy of notice, for although a work of much utility, it is not one which aims at originality, or which pretends to scientific inquiry; but it has long been a subject of just complaint amongst our men of science.

The last chapters of this work are devoted to extracts from the communications of Möser, of Fizeau, of Knorr, of Karsten, and of Draper, but as the memoirs and essays of these inquirers have all been published, and the questions of which they treat are fully discussed in the pages of the *Athenæum*, we need not do more at present than refer to them. The question which arises out of these researches of Möser, and those who have followed him, as to the agent which produces the mysterious images on metal plates or on glass, when other substances are brought in contact or proximity with them, is of the most interesting character. As journalists, we would, for the present, avoid venturing an opinion—and instead of doing so, impress upon all inquirers engaged in the investigation of these complicated phenomena, to rest contented with accumulating facts on which a true theory may hereafter be founded, rather than indulge in the delights of theorizing.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1844.

No one at a loss for a light subject of literary speculation, need travel further than his own drawing-room table—if there yet rest on it one of those battered pieces of finery, a last year's Annual. How hath the golden age of these toy-books gone by! The small wits, and novelists, and poets, whom they encouraged, have "crept into their caves," or make a sound so faint, that no passer-by, intent on loftier things, can be troubled by them. The engravers and boudoir artists, who complained so loudly, yet wrought so industriously, need no longer fear the lucrative temptations which drew them aside from grand historical Art! Where there were some score of the English family, there are now a bare half-dozen; and the race seems rapidly emigrating from the territories of John Bull to those of Brother Jonathan. Here at least, as sumptuous as satin-paper, and cream coloured leather, delicate typography, and luxurious illustration can make it, is

The Gift,

—a Gift, let us add, worth receiving; owing to the character and the cleverness of its letterpress. We have never seen better prose in an Annual, than some of the papers. Mrs. Clavers (Kirkland) contributes a pair of village sketches. One called 'Ambuscades and Sorties,' in spite of its affected title, is as straightforward and humorous a tale of a *dead set* made against a Cymon of the back-woods by an Iphigenia, as was ever told. The other, 'Half-Lengths from Life,' is a pleasant and almost pathetic romance founded on that terrible trial to all real housekeepers in such wild American places: to wit—the difficulty of hiring "help." Then the 'Journal of a Vicar' was worth translating from Zschokke, though hardly, we suspect, as the

preliminary note conjectures, the original of Goldsmith's immortal tale:—while, for those who love more modish wares, Mr. N. P. Willis exhibits a picture of English life, sufficiently *operatized*, but also sufficiently amusing. For ourselves, who prefer matter-of-fact when we can get it, and have an especial kindness for Miss Leslie's style of narration, we laid fast hold of that Lady's 'Pencilings of Boston':—

"The day after my first arrival in Boston (about eleven years ago), I gladly accepted the invitation of some friends who were desirous of showing me the oldest part of the city, and we finished by a walk through the North End to the ancient cemetery on Copp's Hill; so called from the ground having once belonged to William Copp, who made shoes for the early settlers. In our country every thing is ancient which has existed a hundred years; and there are gravestones on Copp's Hill whose dates are before the middle of the seventeenth century. In the year 1832, this primitive burial-place had not yet been touched, or rather spoiled by the hand of improvement; and I saw it in all its original quaintness. On the high and then rugged bank that descended from the outside of the eastern wall directly down to Charles River, were traces of a British battery, from whence on the immortal 17th of June they cannonaded across the water the glorious rebels that were defending Bunker Hill. This bank had in many places caved in, and the chasms were now filled with a thriving growth of weeds; including the purple and well-guarded tassels of the *noli me tangere* emblem of Scotland, and the large white bells of the stramonium or apple-peru (as the Bostonians strangely call it), a plant that delights in waste grounds and rubbish, and rejoices in the vicinity of old bricks, old shoes, broken crockery, and oyster-shells. It is said that there is no weed so mean as not to be cultivated in some part of the world as a valuable exotic. American travellers have found the poke-plant, and the mullein, in European green-houses, growing in pots or tubs, and carefully watered and tended; the dark-red stalks and berries of the one, and the pale yellow blossoms and woolly leaves of the other being greatly admired. Copp's Hill Cemetery was surrounded by a low wall, and we then entered at a turn-stile. All round the interior of this wall are monumental tablets inserted in the masonry, each one marking the spot where were deposited the mortal remains of some noted man of his day. The tablet that most attracted my attention was the first on the left hand of the south entrance. It is of white stone, and inscribed with only one single word, MARTYRS, in large letters. Over this name is sculptured a blank shield, above which a star is ascending, and seeming to disperse with its rays a volume of clouds that appear to have gathered behind the escutcheon. I afterwards made many inquiries concerning this mysterious and dateless tomb, but could gain no information whatever. I was always told that no person now living remembered the time when it was not there. Very near this tablet, a slab of black marble bears the name and epitaph of William Clarke, whose mansion in the North Square was one of the shows of the city, as indicating the style in which a wealthy Bostonian merchant enjoyed his wealth a century ago. The inscription on the tablet of Mr. Clarke is encircled with a wreath of flowers, fruit, and corn, beautifully carved in alto-relief, and surmounted with the crest of the family, a swan with a crown on its head, and a chain round its neck. A large number of the other tablets were also decorated with armorial bearings; an additional evidence, that among the Puritan founders of New England were many, who having a tinge of noble blood in their veins, were not averse to 'the boast of heraldry,' though they abjured the 'pomp of power.' A large portion of the ground on Copp's Hill Cemetery is occupied by graves, which

A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

But the tombstones are remarkable for their old dates and quaint devices. They are of black slate, and, of course, the 'angels, epitaphs, and bones,' are engraved on them in white. In most of the inscriptions the spelling is very antiquated—for instance *y* is used instead of the article 'the'; and *v* instead of *u*, and *vice versa*. You see 'heaven' spelt 'heaven,' and 'gracious,' 'graciou's'—also double *lls* and capitals

in abundance. The prevailing ornament on these old gravestones seems to be a winged skull, outlined with mathematical precision, the head forming a complete circle, or globe, and having a wing growing out at each side, just where the ears should have been. In all these skulls the nose is an exact triangle, the eyes two exactly circular holes, and the mouth a large square-cornered aperture with enormous teeth of size proportionate to a double row of bricks, marked with alternate lines in true brick fashion. On some few of these slate-stones is rather a more tasteful decoration, representing a tall slender urn beneath an extremely scanty willow tree. On others are two broad flat-faced cherubs, and on some there is a long thin angel blowing a long thin trumpet. These angels and cherubs all seemed to be genuine roundheads, with straight, stiff, puritanic hair; looking as if it had been cut and trimmed by the old Yankee method of an empty pumpkin-shell laid on the head as a guide to the scissors in making an exactly even circle before and behind, and above the ears. Among the old slanting gravestones that were half sunk in the earth, and nearly hidden by weeds and long grass, I found one that seemed the most ancient of all. Having pulled aside the dock-leaves and nettles that obscured the inscription, I read on it the name of Grace Berry, 1625. This much puzzled me, knowing that the settlement of Boston did not commence till 1630. I was afterwards told that the date originally was 1695, but, to excite the surprise of the Boston antiquarians, and to create (as it did) an antiquarian controversy, a mischievous youth had taken a chisel and gone into the cemetery one moonlight night, and by a slight alteration in the figure 9, had changed it to a 2, converting 95 into 25.

"In the north-western part of this cemetery is a large brick tomb, covered with a slab of brownish stone, which looks old and coarse, and in a very ill-worded inscription denotes that the principal members of the Mather family are interred beneath. 'Tis the tomb of our fathers,' comes in awkwardly among the names and death-dates of Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, and Samuel Mather. While standing near the spot where moulders the dust of Cotton Mather, it is impossible not to reflect on his unrelenting persecution of those unfortunate beings whom he designated as the Salem witches. Who can read his *Magnalia* and not wonder whether he was indeed so great a fool as to believe in all the gross absurdities and palpable impossibilities that he relates as facts—or so great a knave as to affect that belief? And yet we are told that, except in his hatred of the quakers, and his persecution of the witches, Cotton Mather was a wise and charitable man. It may have been so; for strange, indeed, are the inconsistencies of human character. But we have no account of his having, in after life, testified any compunction for the part he had taken in this the darkest passage of the colonial history of Massachusetts. How unlike that of Cotton Mather was the conduct of Judge Sewall of Salem, who had presided on the bench during the trials for sorcery that disgraced the year 1692, and who had pronounced sentence of death on the victims. When the frightful excitement of fanaticism and superstition had passed away, and reason and humanity had resumed their empire, he was one of the first to regret the part which he had taken in it through his official situation. Sixteen years afterwards, one Sunday at the close of public worship, Judge Sewall left his seat, and advanced towards the pulpit, where he handed up to the minister a paper which he requested him to read aloud to the congregation, desiring them all to remain and hear it. This paper was an acknowledgment of sincere recantation and deep repentance for having, in his capacity of judge, sentenced to death so many innocent people. He stated that he now believed himself to have acted at that time under a delusion, which had seemed contagious, and which on its first appearance should have been checked rather than encouraged by those who had power and influence to repress it. He said that remorse had soon come upon him, and that he had ever since done all in his power to benefit the families of those who had suffered by his sentence, and to make all possible atonement for his misguided severity. And he now humbly and in the presence of the assembled church, expressed his sorrow and compunction, and tremblingly implored the forgiveness of his God. While this memorial was read to

the congregation, (amongst which were many relatives of the victims of the year 1692) Judge Sewall stood at the foot of the pulpit in a posture of the deepest sorrow and contrition, with his head bowed down, his eyes cast on the ground, and his hands crossed humbly on his breast. That such a man must have believed himself right in doing the wrong for which he afterwards so conscientiously endeavoured to atone, can admit of no doubt. May we not suppose that in those solemn and serious times, when there was 'all work and no play,' the want of excitement, added to the contagion of example, induced these primitive Puritans to lend a willing ear to those strange and absurd stories of witchcraft that brought nineteen unoffending persons (most of them women), to an ignominious and unmerited death? We are informed that, during the prevalence of the delusion, (or whatever it may be called), nothing was thought of in Salem and Boston but witchcraft; and this sorcerophobia spread like wildfire. From the highest to the lowest of the people, this imaginary crime was the one engrossing theme; and all real offences remained unpunished and untried. Every sort of business was at a stand; the time and attention of the whole population being absorbed in fixing suspicions, collecting evidence, crowding to the trials, and flocking to the executions of the supposed sorcerers. The court-house was every day thronged to suffocation; the greatest satisfaction was evinced when the culprit was brought in guilty of doing things that never could have been done; and men, women, and children went as if they were visiting a theatrical show, to see the miserable and abused victims expire on the gallows. Alas! poor human nature! At length the mandate of Governor Winthrop, declaring that in future no person in the Province of Massachusetts should be tried or punished for witchcraft, in stopping the prosecution, stopped also the delusion. When witches could no longer be hanged, no more witches were discovered. In wandering through this solemn field of mortality, 'where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,' I could not but remember that these long-buried tenants of 'the dark and narrow house' were once the living dwellers of the neighbouring streets, and that the ancient wooden domiciles we had passed on our way to the cemetery, were reared by their hands when they began to transform a forest into a city. I thought of the privations and the sufferings they had endured so bravely, in the hard and perilous times of the early settlement. The spirit that had brought these republican brethren across the pathless deserts of the Atlantic, was transmitted to their children. With the first grain of corn planted by them 'on the wild New England shore,' was deposited the seed of the Liberty Tree. After the restoration of the English monarchy, an order was sent from Parliament commanding the Governor of Massachusetts publicly to reprimand the people of that province for 'their ill-concealed joy when they heard of the martyrdom of his blessed Majesty, King Charles the First.' To know of what stuff the Bostonians were made, it is only necessary to read the titles of the pamphlets that were continually issuing from their press, for at least a century before the fight of Lexington. The moment when the head of Charles the First fell upon the scaffold, commenced the revolution of America. 'The beings of the mind are not of clay.' All who have read Lionel Lincoln (and what American has not?) will feel the enchantment that fiction lends to truth, when they visit the old cemetery of Copp's Hill. Their thoughts will recur, as mine did, to the poor patriotic Job Pray (so undeservedly regarded as an idiot) who was found by Lionel Lincoln wandering about these lonely precincts in the last hour of that memorable night, which preceded the day of Bunker Hill. I could not but remember that thrilling passage where the low murmur of distant sounds was heard coming faintly over the water, from the Americans who were working by the starlight at the intrenchment on the opposite height; and the British officer stopped and listened, and Job Pray said,—'It is only the dead going back to their graves!' * * *

"I considered myself fortunate on my first visit to Boston, in being introduced at the house of Major Melville, one of the destroyers of the tea, and the last survivor of the secret band with whom this extraordinary and eventful enterprise is said to have originated. Though Major Melville was always un-

willing to say more on this subject than was already before the public, and though it was not deemed in good taste for strangers to question him concerning it, yet there was a gratification in seeing a man who had certainly taken an active part in the scene, and who was supposed to be one of the persons who on that occasion assumed the disguise of Mohawks. One of these Indians, who had forgotten to comb the powder from his hair when he let it down from the riband that usually tied it, and whose lace hand-ruffles appeared from beneath his blanket, was said to be John Hancock. Little did he think, that night, in how short a time he would be called to the head of the nation, as President of the immortal First Congress, and that his hand would inscribe the first signature to the Declaration of Independence. The leaders in the destruction of the tea, are said (on good authority) to have bound themselves by a solemn oath, never while they lived to divulge the names of each other. Their most sanguine hopes could not anticipate that what they were then doing would eventuate in so glorious a consummation as the freedom of their country; and they considered that if known they might afterwards be stigmatized as conspirators and insurgents. With regard to each other, they conscientiously kept their oath of secrecy; though in after times many of them acknowledged the part they had themselves individually taken in drowning the obnoxious herb in the waters of the bay. Among these gentlemen was Mr. Winthrop, a lineal descendant of the founder of Boston. It is said that the steady and energetic Samuel Adams was also one of them. * * Mrs. Melville told me that when her husband came home on the memorable night of the 16th of December, his answers to her questions with regard to what he had been doing, were very brief and circumspect; and she desisted from her inquiries when she found his unwillingness to reply. On taking off his shoes (which were rather large for him) Major Melville found a small portion of the tea that had fallen into each of them. He was going to shake it into the fire, when Mrs. Melville stopped him, and, taking the shoes, she emptied the tea into a paper. This her husband permitted, on her assuring him that she had not the least design of making an infusion of it for her own drinking, and, indeed, that she would not for the world be guilty of such an abominable act. Soon convinced that her sole desire was to keep it as a relic, he allowed her to preserve the tea, and she put it carefully away, with a presentiment, as she said, that the time would come when they might be very proud of having it to show to their friends. The time *did* come—and not only friends, but strangers went to the house of Major Melville to look at the tea of '73. Finding so many persons begged a grain of this tea as a curiosity, that if these requests were granted it would soon be all gone, Major Melville transferred it to a phial, which he sealed hermetically, to be opened no more. I saw this phial among the ornaments of their centre table, and took it into my hand. Could I have presumed to solicit a single grain of this tea, I would have had it set in a ring, and valued it beyond a diamond. * * Among the things of former times that I saw with much pleasure while in Boston, were some of Copley's portraits. They were all remarkable for grace, expression, and truth; and looked like the productions of an artist who had studied in the best European schools, instead of being (as they were) the work of a self-taught American, who as yet had scarcely seen a good picture. Neither did their old-fashioned dresses seem in the least *outré*. I have heard my brother Charles Leslie remark that it is the business of a good artist to make the costume of the time becoming, whatever that costume may be. For instance, who in looking at the portraits of Reynolds, ever complained of the dresses, or thought them disgusting? In the Epes Sargent family there are some excellent pictures from the pencil of Copley. I was especially pleased with one of them, a lady with a very benign and intelligent countenance. * * John Singleton Copley removed to Europe in 1774, and having great inducements to remain there, he never returned to America. In England he painted a number of very fine historical pictures, the figures being all portraits. * * Lord Lyndhurst (who was born in Boston) is son to the painter Copley. This gentleman distinguished himself greatly at the bar, was eventually ennobled,

and became Lord Chancellor. With regard to the country of a man of genius, England has no prejudices; as can well be attested by the American artists who have sought in that wonderful island the professional advantages which the New World is as yet too young to afford them. The city of Boston not only contains much that is interesting to all who take pleasure in vestiges of the past, but it is also rich in the present, and gives abundant token of the lofty destiny of its future. Its noble institutions, so well planned, and so thoroughly carried out; its high tone of moral principle; its sympathetic appreciation of intellect; its liberal encouragement of genius, under whatever form that gift of heaven is manifested; its frank and unostentatious hospitality—all unite in rendering Boston one of the most delightful places that a stranger can visit; and we believe that a residence in the metropolis of the American east, cannot fail to improve both the mind and the heart. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,'—and the Bostonians need ask for no other test. Whatever may be its disadvantages of soil and climate, the country round Boston is eminently beautiful, and owes much to the skill and industry of its untiring cultivators. The rides in its vicinity are charming—particularly through Brookline, and round Jamaica Pond, a lovely sheet of water which in England would be called a lake.

The poetry is less noticeable than the prose; some of it is curiously imitative. From the style of 'Viola' we should imagine that Tennyson is founding a choir in the United States. We have already mentioned Mr. Willis, but it is long since we have quoted anything of his: the following lines, therefore, may not be unacceptable:—

The Mother to her Child.

They tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steeped in the blue of its remembered home;
And while thou sleepest come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips that smile of Heaven!
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Wert thou an untired dweller in the sky?
Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou may'st be,
A life's probation in this sadder world?
Art thou, with memory of two things only
Music and light, left upon earth astray,
And by the watchers at the gate of Heaven,
Looked for with fear and trembling?

God! who gavest

Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world, whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of Heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let these stay on—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death!
The closed eyes look upon thy face once more!
And be the light and music, which the world
Borrows of Heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her lost steps to thee.

We must not take leave of 'The Gift' without adverting to its illustrations. They have been carefully prepared: and Cheney's engraving of Huntington's (not Shakespeare's) 'Beatrice,' and of the vignette head on the title-page by Sully, would do honour to the "old country." The conversation-pieces, too are creditable in design; more admirable in their finish. But the charm of much of the letter-press we have commended, is missing from the pictorial portion of 'The Gift.' One artist takes Sir Thomas Lawrence, another Leslie as his model, and so forth. From this manner of proceeding may arise a school of artifice: but no school of art.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Belle of the Family, or the Jointure: a Novel, by the author of 'The Young Prima Donna,' &c. 3 vols.—Though the authoress of these volumes possesses neither the wit of Mrs. Gore, nor the passion of Mrs. Marsh, nor the pathos of the late Mrs. Sullivan, her tale of modern life is still executed with truth and feeling sufficient to entitle her to be

mentioned with those three popular novelists. It is a great advance upon any of her previous works. Nor is this mean praise, when we also say that nothing can be more trite than the arrangement of the incidents. 'The Belle' is a beautiful, perverse, excitable creature, who—thanks to the counsels of her two married sisters, the one a severe, rectangular woman of the world, all for *les convenances*; the other a weak, but kindly-natured woman of fashion, all heart, impulse, and imprudence—deliberately wrecks her own happiness, by making a match with a man old enough to be her father: and for once, pays the full price of her folly. Melancholy as is the sequel, we are obliged to the authoress for sparing us the melodramatic reparation, in the closing pages, which most writers would have administered. Without the slightest sermonizing, the tale is one to make The Chaperon think and feel: and for the sake of this unity of purpose, and the skill with which it is carried out, we are disposed to rate it more highly than perhaps its literary merits strictly justify. The three volumes contain a second tale, 'Harry Monk' no mention of which appears on the title page. This is, in every respect, a novel of an inferior order: being merely once again the story of a beautiful and inexperienced girl who will marry a stranger, in defiance of paternal caution; which stranger turns out to be a Knight of the Road. The story belongs to the times of the Commonwealth; but there is little attempt either at the manners or the costume of the period. This, however, judging from the average success of such essays, is an advantage rather than otherwise.

The Moderation of the Church of England, by T. Fuller, D.D., edited by Rev. R. Eden.—This work was written in the year 1679, when the Nonconformists on the one side, and the Romanists on the other, were vying with each other in attacking the doctrines and practices of the Church of England. It attracted much attention at the time, and now that affairs are in a somewhat similar position, will, we doubt not, be found an acceptable commentary on the polemical works of the day.

A History of the Church, in five Books, by Theodoretus, Bishop of Cyrus. A new Translation.—This History extends from A.D. 322 to A.D. 427, and was intended by its author as a continuation to the history of Eusebius. It forms the last but one of Mr. Bagster's series of Greek Ecclesiastical Historians of the first six centuries—a valuable contribution to the history of the Church.

Studies of the New Testament, by a Layman.—The great authority which the Layman adduces in confirmation of his theories is Rees's Cyclopaedia, beyond which his studies do not appear to have extended far. In discussing questions even of importance, he more than once frankly admits that he has not read the arguments in support of opinions which he condemns.

A Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, &c., by the late Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., from short-hand notes by John Greene.—All admirers of eloquence and unaffected piety will welcome anything that has proceeded from the lips of the Rev. Robert Hall. These additions to his already printed works, are not among the best specimens of that masterly oratory, but will be read, we doubt not, with pleasure by all into whose hands they may fall.

The Right Way to decide; or the Church of England her own Expositor.—The author solves a difficult question—by begging it.

The Art of Living, by Dr. H. Duhring.—This volume is devoted to the consideration and discussion of five principles connected with the art of living: 1, the harmony of our twofold nature, mental and physical; 2, the necessity of labour; 3, the equal necessity of relaxation; 4, the study of Nature as connected with happiness; 5, the joys connected with a happy home. It is pleasantly written, and contains some sound and wholesome truths.

Peace Permanent and Universal, by H. Macnamara.—The essay to which the prize offered by the Society for the Promotion of Universal Peace was awarded. Its arguments are the old ones, and, we are afraid, will produce little more effect than of old.

Rachel of Padanaram, Type of the Church, by W. Archer.—A fanciful record of "that fair Syrian shepherdess," whom holy fathers of the Church have chosen to consider as "typus Ecclesie," and whose claims Mr. Archer warmly advocates. The little

work is pleasantly written, and is interspersed with some not inelegant poetry.

A short and easy Catechism for the use of young Persons.—Questions for Self-Examination.—Apparently useful works for the purposes for which they are designed.

The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Feudal System, by H. B. Barry.—A Prize Essay "read" (or rather intended to have been read) in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. It is well written, in a free impartial spirit, allowing merit where it is to be found, and not permitting considerations of party, or even of antiquity, to stand in the way of a just condemnation of bygone abuses.

A Treatise on the Tonic System of treating Affections of the Stomach and Brain, by H. Semle.—This is a strictly professional work, and addressed exclusively to the professional public.

Observations on the Climate of New Zealand, New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, as compared with that of the Brazils, Madeira, and the Continent of Europe, by J. Thompson, M.D.—This is a reprint of a short paper from the London Medical Gazette, the contents of which are sufficiently explained by the title.

The History of Peter Schlemihl, translated by W. Howitt.—This new translation is exceedingly literal, and has the German side by side with the English. It has been printed in Germany, though published in England, and contains six neatly executed illustrations.

Photogenic Manipulation, by G. T. Fisher, Jun.—This is a useful little manual, containing practical instruction in the arts of Photography, Calotype, Daguerreotype, &c., illustrated by numerous woodcuts.

Chemistry made Easy, by the Rev. J. Topham, M.A.—A short, but apparently useful treatise on that very interesting subject—the application of chemistry to agricultural purposes. It is written in easy and familiar language.

Gleanings from the South, East, and West.—A harmless, well-intentioned miscellany.

The Pictorial Spelling and Reading Assistant, by B. Steill.—A work apparently neither better nor worse than its numerous predecessors, the only novelty introduced being that the reading department has illustrations, and more extended explanations than usual of a few of the words in the spelling department of the work.

Select Poetry for Children, by J. Payne.—This work has been forced on our attention, otherwise we should have allowed it to pass in silence. It opens with a motto from Southey, who says that "it is no trifling good to win the ear of children with verses which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety;"—a sentiment with which all will cordially agree. But we do not see that this justifies "picking and stealing." It may be no trifling good to give children fruit in due season, but no one infers that he is, therefore, at liberty to rob orchards. Has Mr. Payne written verses for their edification? Not a line—he has "compiled" a volume for their use, and his own profit, by robbing Southey himself, and Mary Howitt, Bernard Barton and others. Of course this is but petty larceny compared with the wholesale violations of copyright which have been so common of late, but yet it deserves to be noticed, and, if possible, prevented, and therefore we denounce it.

The Polyglott Ladies' Washing Book.—We do not know with what eyes the huge Polyglotts of Paternoster Row will look on this unassuming brother, but we are sure that all sober citizens' wives who venture on a continental tour will thank Mr. Lee for his useful books. We have before us three of them, in German, French, and Italian, with the English annexed.

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A LAST SONG OF SUMMER.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, thy beauty fades fast,
Thy flowers are all withered, thy glory is past;
And low in the woods, with the dead leaves around,
And the winds breathing o'er thee a desolate sound,
In tears thou art lying.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, thy worshippers all
Have fled and foregone thee, right merry in hall
Their laughter is ringing;—ah! little I trow
Do they ponder how, lonely beneath the bare bough,
Unwept thou art dying.

The voices that hymned thee so gaily of yore,
The happy bird-voices, their music is o'er,—
Save the robin's, who singeth of Winter with glee,
And the rook's, who caws loud on the storm-shaken tree,

As he flaps his dark pinion.

There are voices, but savage and wild ones, alas!
The roaring of rivers, as foaming they pass,
The plashing of rain, and the groan, deep and low,
Of the oak, as his giant limbs toss to and fro
'Neath the wind's strong dominion.

Oh! queenly fair Summer, fierce Winter, ere long,
Will sweep o'er the hills with his turbulent throng
Of blasts and rough hail-storms, and finding thee there,
Will freeze thy warm blood with his icy fixed stare,
And laugh as thou diest.

And when thou art dead, with a false look of woe,
He will wind thee perchance in a death-sheet of snow,
And calling around him that turbulent throng,
They will howl forth a requiem, dreary and long,
O'er the grave where thou liest.

But heed not, fair Summer, sleep softly awhile,—
Sleep softly, and dream of the sun's loving smile;
They rule not for ever, that stern companion,—
Old Winter, one day, shall lie crownless like thee,
Time-wasted and hoary.

Oh! heed not, and weep not, sleep softly awhile,
And still in thy dreams feel the sun's loving smile;
When those dreams are all ended, thy waking may show

Thou on thy face, and the earth singing low,
And the birth of thy glory.

Enfield, Oct. 12, 1843.

T. WESTWOOD.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

On the first intimation that the ports of China were open to British subjects, the Horticultural Society, with the energy which has ever marked its proceedings, resolved to dispatch Mr. Fortune to collect plants for the Society. Mr. Fortune, as we mentioned at the time, sailed from England in April last, amply provided with means to forward the objects of the Society, and with letters of introduction both from the government and private individuals. Letters, announcing his safe arrival at Hong Kong on the 27th of July, have just been received. The following are extracts from one dated—

"Anger Roads, June 15.

"We entered the Straits of Sunda on the morning of the 15th of June, after having been three months and a half on the voyage, and the only land which we saw during that time was the Island of Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Paul's, or Amsterdam, in the Indian Ocean; but these places were only seen at a considerable distance, and you will, therefore, easily imagine with what pleasure we looked upon Java Head on the morning which I have just mentioned; and although we were several miles from the beach, the sweet smell of land and of trees which was wafted from the shore was delightful, and put us all in excellent spirits. The island of Java, as you know, is low and marshy in many parts near the shore, but presents every variety of surface at a little distance inland. The hills have a most romantic appearance, and reminded me of the Highlands of Scotland, or of some views from the Frith of Forth near Edinburgh, with this difference, however, that those of Java are clothed with dense forests to their very summits. In fact, from the sides of the ocean—where in most places the trees hang down to the water's edge—to the tops of the highest hills, the whole is one dense mass of vegetation; and even the rocky islands of the sea, which on the coast of England would be comparatively barren, are here clothed with the most luxuriant shrubs and trees; but these regions are under the bright tropical skies of the east, where—

The flowers ever blossom and the beams ever shine.

You will easily imagine that I was most anxious to land on these lovely shores, which in truth appeared to me the realization of my youthful dreams of fairy land; and by good luck the wind died away early in the forenoon, and the captain kindly allowed the passengers to have down the boat to row to the shore. We were all well armed for the occasion, as this part of the coast is said to be frequently visited by Malay pirates, who are not so harmless as the native Javanese. As we approached the land our expedition seemed to be more hazardous than we had at first supposed, owing to the rocks and breakers on the coast, which were not visible from the ship; but after selecting with care that part which appeared most smooth, we stood boldly for the shore. Unfortunately, however, our precautions were useless, for in an instant we were thrown out of the boat and plunged amongst the breakers, one over the other, in anything but regular order. We were in a pitiable plight for a botanical party or a party of pleasure to be in, but congratulated ourselves on having saved the boat.

"While on shore I lost no time in examining the trees and other objects of natural history. The shingle, which was mixed with the sand, consisted of numerous fragments of red, white, and blue coral, handsome specimens of which were gathered by several of our party. The trees and shrubs, which grow down to the beach, consisted of several species well known in the hot-houses of England. The Screw Pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*) was growing in great quantities all along the shore, where it must often be washed by the waves; several species of Cycas, particularly *C. circinalis*, were common in the shady parts of the wood, and formed remarkably fine specimens both in flower and in fruit; the Chestnut tree (*Vitex agnus castus*) was very abundant, and in full flower; and the cocconut and the Papaw tree were also found in various parts of the forest. The ground was strewn with seed, of the various trees, some of which were just germinating; others had advanced more, and formed the brush-wood of the thicket, along with numerous species of ferns, and other things which delight to grow in shaded situations. My time was very limited, and therefore I

had little opportunity for particular observation; I consoled myself, however, with the hope of being able to examine things more particularly at Anger, where we intend to stop for water. Our difficulty now was how to get our little boat through the breakers, but we accomplished it, and reached the ship in safety.

"We continued our voyage up the Straits, which everywhere presented the most picturesque and beautiful scenery: on Java every variety of surface—mountains, glens, and cultivated fields, the main land of Sumatra in sight, and islands dotted here and there on the sea, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. As we neared the Bay of Anger, the island of "Thwart the Way," in the centre of the Straits, came into view, as also two small rocks called "Cap" and "Button," on the Java side of the Straits. Native canoes were now seen rowing or paddling towards us from the shore, laden with the produce of their island, which they were anxious to barter with the people in the ship. The fruits consisted of coconuts, bananas, and plantains, pine-apples, melons, pumpkins, shaddocks, and oranges, and the vegetables which I obtained were sweet potatoes, yams, cucumbers, onions, and radishes. Supplies for the ship's use were abundant and cheap. One Malay sold all the contents of his boat for seven dollars, which consisted of a large quantity of sweet potatoes and yams, coconuts, plantains, pine apples, and seven dozen of excellent fowls. The sheep which were brought off in boats, and which I also had an opportunity of seeing on shore, were more like goats than sheep, being covered with hair instead of wool, and having small legs and long heads and ears. Turtle, which we frequently saw on the surface of the water in the Straits, are very abundant, being caught in considerable quantities by the natives. Many other animals are brought in their boats for sale, but they are generally well known and common kinds. I observed several kinds of monkeys, musk deer (the small Javanese kind), Java sparrows, parakeets, green doves, minas, so celebrated for their talking propensities, and various other well known animals. Judging from the appearance the decks presented afterwards, the Javanese had had a considerable share of business, particularly amongst the monkeys, for they were seen chained in all parts of the ship before the mast, having been purchased by the sailors to take home."

DR. ROBINSON'S REPLY TO SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

ON my arrival here, two days since, I was surprised to find in the *Athenæum* of September 30, that Sir John Herschel has taken offence at the opinion which I have expressed respecting his father's forty-foot telescope; viz. that "however honourable to the astronomer and to the king who constructed it, it must be regarded as a failure." In these words I see nothing "derogatory" to Sir William Herschel, whose real fame is quite independent of that instrument; and if they are the only legitimate inferences from the facts which are before the public, they cannot be "unjust." Those facts are unfortunately few, for Sir W. Herschel, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, very seldom refers to observations made with this telescope, which, from the size of its mirror, I will call the four-feet: but they are sufficient to establish that it did not produce effects proportioned to its magnitude, that its maker did not employ it in cases which seemed imperatively to require it, and that he showed a marked reluctance to let others inspect it. Sir J. Herschel apparently wishes to narrow the question to "figure and polish," but the true matter at issue is the performance of the telescope. We will, however, begin with figure. It is well known that Sir W. Herschel made his mirrors of a focal length, which bear a large ratio to their aperture; thus his 9-inch mirror was of 10 feet focus, his 18.8 of 20 feet; and on the same scale his 48 should have been 51 feet instead of 40. If, as is probable, he adopted this proportion in the smaller sizes, from finding that he did not succeed so well with a shorter focus, it was to be expected that the change would be injurious to the large one. Besides, even were its figure perfect, according to all my experience, it must have been deformed by the mode in which it was supported—in an iron ring, where it must have rested at its lowest point, and upheld by a cross piece of the same substance, an arrangement which would impair the definition of a much smaller instrument.*

The usual tests of this important quality are close double stars; but of these I find none mentioned; there are, however, two negative arguments which press on me the conviction that the four-feet defined ill. In the great nebula of Orion there is a star θ Orionis, which appears quadruple in common telescopes. Struve, with the Dorpat achromatic of 9.6 inches aperture, discovered a fifth, and (I believe) Sir J. Herschel himself found a sixth, on looking into Sir James South's achromatic of twelve inches. Both are visible in Lord Rosse's three-feet telescope, even when contracted to eighteen inches, and I see the sixth under favourable circumstances, even in my own of fifteen inches. Now these stars cannot have been visible in the four-feet telescope. That nebula was the first object on which it was turned in February, 1787; it was again examined in January, 1811, "in a very clear view," and it is quite impossible that such an observer as Sir W. Herschel could have overlooked them, especially the fifth: the sixth probably requiring a higher power to separate it than the telescope would bear. A similar conclusion must be drawn from his not using it to ascertain the existence of rings round the Georgium Sidus. This research requires, in a special degree, sharp definition, magnifying power, and light; and it seems absurd to use seven, ten, and twenty feet telescopes, when its testimony could be obtained. It is also evident, from the low powers recorded, that the focal image was imperfect. The highest that I can find mentioned is 400, and that only once; 370 is the common one, employed even for such work as measuring the protuberances of Saturn, or seeking multiple divisions of his ring; while higher powers, even up to 1,200, were used at the same time with smaller telescopes. Why he employed them when the other was in action, and almost exclusively in cases of micrometer measurements, seems hard of explanation, except on the admission of its imperfect definition.

As to its illuminating power, which, with equal magnifying, must have been more than six times that of the 18.8-inch, even less is recorded. The discovery of the satellites of Saturn, to which Sir J. Herschel refers, indicates no difference like this. His father himself states, that "both are within the reach of a twenty-feet telescope." Sir J. Herschel said, in the *Ast. Nach.*, to have observed both with that instrument; they are visible in Sir James South's achromatic, and the sixth has been observed by Lamont with one of only eleven aperture. Even on the night when this was discovered (*Phil. Trans.*, 1790, p. 463), it must have been easily seen with the mirror of 18.8; for after suspecting it to be a satellite in the four-feet, the other was employed to verify the conjecture. The seventh was discovered at its extreme elongation from the planet, and cannot have been very conspicuous: it is described as "only a very small, lucid point in the telescope;" and it is added, that "except in very fine weather it cannot be seen well enough to take its place with accuracy." If we consider that at this time the ring was nearly invisible, and the planet at the equator, this performance exhibits nothing surprising, nor do I think Sir John's "unequivocal proof" beyond the power of a good telescope of half its focal length and such an aperture as would now be given to it; a size which I have no objection to call "comparatively diminutive." The observations of the Georgian satellites seem to have been made with telescopes of 18.8, and twenty-four inches aperture (*Phil. Trans.*, 1815). The four-feet appears but twice, notwithstanding the faintness of these objects; nor have we any reason to suppose that it was much used even on nebulae. I can find nothing on the subject, except the two notices respecting that in Orion; though Sir W. Herschel's views respecting these problematical bodies must have made the most perfect examination of them desirable. We must therefore suppose, either that it showed little more in them than the twenty-feet, or that its use was so inconvenient that he never had recourse to it but in cases of absolute necessity. Defining power is of use even with nebulae, and, from the nature of its composition, the mirror could not reflect light in proportion to its surface; but still, it seems unac-

* In reference to my assertion, that "the principle of uniform support had not been acted on," I must explain it by stating, that I was under the impression, that the twenty-feet reflector, when I saw it at Slough, in 1830, was merely supported on folds of soft cloth; if this be Sir John Herschel's method, I think it inadequate for large mirrors.

countable that it was used so little, unless we suppose that Sir W. Herschel felt that it was a "failure." It was scarcely to be expected that he would come forward and proclaim this; but he felt it necessary to account for his sparing employment of it in a remarkable note (*Phil. Trans.*, 1811). He says, "It should never be used but for objects which others will not reach;" that "to look through one larger than required is loss of time;" that moisture and ice settle on the large mirror; and that, "though well covered up, the polish of a mirror exposed like that of the forty-feet will only preserve its required lustre and delicacy about two years." Now, as to the first of these excuses, no telescope will ever be "too large" for nebulae; that twenty feet is assuredly not large enough; for Lord Rosse's three-feet has shown that many of the figures of them given by Sir J. Herschel, are exceedingly defective. In unfavourable states of the air, it may be necessary to contract the aperture, but this implies no loss of time. Dew, or ice (in Ireland at least), is not of constant occurrence; and tarnish to such an extent as is here indicated, is an evidence of "failure." In fact, the mirror was not real speculum metal: according to Smeaton's letter (published in Sir William's lifetime, and not contradicted), it was composed of two parts bell metal and one white metal! What the latter may be I never could learn, but believe it to be an impure alloy, obtained in a certain stage of the refining of copper. At all events, the composition was lower than the 20-foot metal, though even that was far below what is now deemed essential to a good mirror. This deficiency of tin was probably designed to lessen the risk of casting; but it also lessened the light, and gave a liability to tarnish. Now let us look to dates. It was cast Feb. 16, 1788, apparently in an air furnace (as founders call it), which must have still further debased the metal: by Oct. 24 it was brought to a pretty good figure and polish. How much of this time was occupied by cooling and grinding is not stated; "but, not satisfied, he continued to work upon it till August 27, 1789, when it gave a pretty sharp image; but large stars were a little affected with scattered light, owing to many remaining scratches in the mirror." On the following night he saw the sixth satellite, and "dates from this time the finishing of the telescope." It follows, that at least a year was expended in giving this imperfect polish. The tarnishing, however, went on twice as fast; for he states, that on March 8, 1790, "the speculum being extremely tarnished, I did not expect to have seen so well as I did;" the object being the satellites of the Georgian, which he on that night also observes with the twenty-feet. As the duplicate speculum was useless, this does account in part for the instrument being idle; but, assuredly, had this been all, so zealous an observer would soon have recast that duplicate. I may add, that this contrasts very unfavourably with the three-feet mirrors of Lord Rosse, which retain their polish for several years, and are repolished in a day.

My opinion of this telescope is necessarily founded on the facts published by Sir W. Herschel himself, for I am not aware that he permitted any person except Dr. Vince to look into it. Troughton was refused. Lalande wrote to obtain permission, but got no reply. An excuse is, however, made for this want of courtesy in Tilloch's *Phil. Mag.* vol. xxviii. p. 339, which makes the matter worse; it was probably done by some injudicious friend, but it is impossible to read it without feeling that, as said in a similar instance, the author "distrusted astronomers." Several years later, Dr. Pearson (Rees's *Cycl. art. Telescope*) says, "he was informed by the ingenious and dexterous observer, that instruction and practice were necessary to enable any other person to follow a star or planet with it, which is probably the reason why so few persons have been in a situation to form an estimation of the merits of this transcendent instrument." The reason is a bad one, but it establishes the fact, and for this I see no probable motive except the imperfection of the image.

On these grounds I think myself justified in concluding that this telescope was deficient in defining power; that it had not light in proportion to its size, and that it was inconvenient in use. I think no un-

† As one instance, out of many, I will name his fig. 81 of 1 Messier; because Sir James South exhibited a drawing of it at the Royal Institution, last spring, which was made with the three-feet.

prejudiced person, who reads Sir William's papers with care, can think otherwise, and I know that others are of the same opinion. In stating my sentiments, I trust I have not forgotten the respect due to his virtues and talents. With the exception of this weakness on the subject of his telescopes, which excited him to an attack on Schröter that cannot be justified, his moral character seems to have been without a stain; the friends who survive him cherish his memory, and he fills a place in the records of Astronomy, more brilliant, if not more high, than that held by any other individual. His son himself does not feel this more strongly than I do, but even such feelings cannot be permitted to interfere with the pursuit of Truth.—I have the honour to be, &c.

Oct. 12, 1843.

Armagh Observatory.

T. R. ROBINSON.

WORKS AT HAMPTON COURT.

A recent visit to this palace, which is shown by increasing numbers of visitors to be still gaining in popularity, enables us to give our annual report of the progress of restorations, &c., and we record them not less for the information of our readers than to acknowledge the efficient custody of the Commissioners of Woods, and their desire to promote the attraction of this palace. At the west entrance, the front of the north wing has been completely restored—proper mullions have taken the place of the unsightly modern sashes in the windows, and the stone copings and ornaments have been completed. But the frontage only has been thus treated, whilst in the sides of the wing the window-sashes have been suffered to remain—let us hope, only for a season. The restorations are advancing, too, on the south wing. Two terra cotta busts of the series of Roman Emperors presented by Leo X. to Cardinal Wolsey, have been inserted on the towers of the west entrance, which were probably removed when this part was restored some years ago. Little attention was then paid to the colour of the bricks, and their orange red does not match with the purple red of the ancient brick-work of the Cardinal's palace. The busts on other towers have been restored. Ornamental chimney shafts are rising conspicuously everywhere in all the courts.

The most important work, however, of the present year has been the insertion of stained glass in the large window at the eastern end of the great hall. Characteristic of the glass of the period, it is filled with genealogical and heraldic devices. The upper windows contain the arms of the kingdom of France, the kingdom of England, the lordship of Ireland, and the principality of Wales. In the openings of the arched head of the window are inserted rich foliage patterns on deep brightly coloured grounds. The effect is much lighter and more brilliant than at the opposite window, where the colours, chiefly blue, are too massive. The large window is divided into an upper and lower series of seven lights. In the centre of the lower are the arms of Edward III., below which a stock of broom—the *Planta genista*—Plantagenet, from which, on the dexter side, the branch of Lancaster springs, with its red roses, and on the sinister side that of York, with its white roses. These branches unite in the upper division in the arms of Henry VIII., above which is a figure of the burly monarch himself. At either side, both above and below, are the arms and badges of individuals of the respective families of both branches; on the Lancaster side those of John Beaufort Earl of Somerset, John Duke of Lancaster, John Beaufort Duke of Somerset, Margaret Countess of Richmond, and Henry VII.; on the York branch, those of Edmund Duke of York, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Richard Duke of York, King Edward IV., and Elizabeth of York. The addition of this window is a great improvement to the general effect of the hall; but it makes us feel the nakedness of those at the sides, which are still plain white glass. As an assemblage of colours, the new window is brilliant and tasteful, but the ground should have been sufficiently dark to show distinctly the white roses. At present the roses are scarcely distinguishable, and in order to be intelligible to the visitors here, they should be as palpable as the red roses, which are conspicuous. If any alteration were made—and it seems very desirable—we would suggest that the figure of Henry VIII. should be relieved upon some darker

ground. At our visit, we observed the "entayled" work or carvings on one of the spandrels of the roof "picked" out with various colours and gilding, giving a promise as though the rest would follow. All this is progress in a right direction. Cavendish speaks thus of Wolsey's palaces: (we modernize the spelling).—

My buildings sumptuous, the roof with gold and bice
Shone like the sun in mid-day sphere,
Craftily entailed as cunning could devise,
With images embossed, most lively did appear.

But welcome as this colouring would be, we doubt if it should be preferred as the first of the works here remaining to be done. As pains seem to be taken from time to time to restore this Hall to its ancient splendour, we venture to offer a suggestion or two to the consideration of the authorities. At present there is a strange mixture of richness and poverty in the decorations, and a want of general harmony. As a little matter involving but a small outlay, we would first call attention to the present miserable walls. The drab wash is odious. To harmonize the general effect, the walls seem to us to demand the first notice. The stencilling of them in fit colour and patterns, when once suitably chosen, would be a cheap and most important improvement. Care should be taken that neither the colours nor patterns injure the effect of the tapestry below. Perhaps some hue of green or crimson would be found to be suitable, but this could only be determined by actual experiment. Next to the walls, the flooring calls for amendment. The naked, tasteless flag stones are altogether modern: even within the last forty years—and unfit for any ancient building. As late as the time when Lysons made his drawing of the Hall, it was paved with tiles—red tiles. There is conclusive evidence that it was "ypaved with tyles" when originally built; but we incline to think that these must have been green with white patterns, being the colours of the Tudor livery. Until the floor is coloured, the effect of the Hall can never be complete, and the revived manufacture of the encaustic tile offers a ready means of restoring this essential feature. Next in order, the remaining windows should be filled with coloured glass. Then we would get to the roof, which, whether more highly coloured or not, has always intrinsic merits enough to command attention; so that it may well remain the last to be touched. Before we got thus far, however, we should have taken down the banners and turned out the men in armour, whose places we would supply by statues of Henry VIII., Wolsey, &c.

There have been no recent changes of any importance in the pictures. Two of Sebastian Ricci's, which were removed to the new chapel at Buckingham House, have been returned to the palace. The mystery and excitement about the chapel of Charles I. (see *Athen. No. 776*), seems altogether exploded, and the room is given up, among others, to Lady Hill. Whether the old paintings in it have been taken down or not we have not heard: we certainly recommend that they should be, and cleaned.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE case of the old "legitimate" Drama seems to be hopeless: Tragedy is turned out of doors at Covent Garden, and not one of the score of metropolitan theatres, licensed by the Lord Chamberlain under the new Act, will give her house-room. Nor is Comedy in much better plight; being tolerated only until a troop of children and a posture master from Paris can be imported to prop up one patent theatre, as the ballet does the other. Sheridan, to be sure, has a field day now and then at the Haymarket: and the 'School for Scandal' has been played as an afterpiece this week in default of amusing farces, by way of prelude to the prize comedy, which is to show at the Haymarket about the time when the prize cattle show at Smithfield. The result of the late attempt, by the Covent Garden manager, to distribute the principal characters in Shakespeare's tragedies between three performers, of certainly not first-rate abilities, on the principle of "turn and turn about," was such as might have been expected—empty benches: Messrs. Vandenhoff, Phelps, and Anderson are respectable tragedians in their way, but no "combination of talent" such as they could offer, would attract audiences to a theatre whose very name

conjures up recollections of Siddons, Kemble, and Young. In the case of a new play, people are content with the best actors the stage affords; but mediocre representations of comedies and tragedies with which the humblest playgoer is familiar, and which are associated with the fame of a host of great names, will never attract an audience in these days: it is idle to expect it. The time when people went to the play to pass an evening for want of better amusement at home or elsewhere, and were content to enjoy the entertainment, such as it was—and it was a vast deal better than any we have at present—is gone by: it must be something extraordinary, either for novelty or excellence (which is, indeed, the greatest of all novelties) to draw them to Drury Lane or Covent Garden. And why should they be obliged to go at night in search of amusement to a neighbourhood which they so rarely visit by day? It is troublesome enough for persons who live in the neighbourhoods of the parks and squares, to have to go so far out of their way to see a play: but for the thousands who reside in the outskirts of the town, it is so inconvenient as to amount to an interdiction, except on rare occasions, and then the expense and late hours disincline them for a repetition of the fatiguing pleasure. If the mountain will not go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain; instead of having half-a-dozen theatres in the space of a square mile round Covent Garden, let the suburbs each have their playhouse, as well as their concert and assembly rooms—orchestras are ambulatory to a certain extent, and musicians are migratory; why not make Melpomene locomotive, and revive the Theatrical cart in the shape of an actor's omnibus with a managerial conductor. At all events, since the old English Drama is driven from Drury Lane and Covent Garden, let us hope it will find a home somewhere else. One good result of the new Act may be to lodge Shakespeare under a roof where his poetry may be heard without being bawled out as if "the town-crier spoke the lines," and actors may depict the emotions of the character, without distorting their features to make the grimaces visible at the house-tops: in short, a better school of acting may arise, if the best performers are in the habit of playing together on a small stage. As yet, however, we see no signs of Shakespearian aspirations among the minor managers: opera and ballet, melodrama and burlesque, divide the metropolitan theatres; spectacle being a leading attraction at all of them. But the opportunity thus afforded to managers of making a choice of performances, and the necessity for excellence in quality, will probably lead to the introduction of the division-of-labour principle into the theatrical world. We cannot enter into the merits of the differences between Mr. H. Wallack and his company: by closing the season on Saturday and commencing a new one on Monday, he got rid of some engagements which he found unprofitable; and having done that, the accusation of "thwarting and crippling his plans" brought against persons who, though not named, were implied, might better have been spared; especially if, as would appear from some counter statements, it was hardly warranted by their conduct. The public, at any rate, will not hold the performers responsible for the failure of the manager's scheme: indeed they were actually interested in its success, since the closing of the theatre compels some of them to seek for engagements elsewhere.

That clever composer, M. Ambroise Thomas, has just produced in Paris a successful three-act opera, 'Mina,' at the *Opéra Comique*. The instrumentation of this work is praised as being unusually felicitous and delicately finished: the story seems to be droll, though over-complicated for music: a fault, by the way, into which the French librettists, encouraged by the neatness of their actors, and the quick apprehension of their audiences, are increasingly falling: risking thereby universal acceptance and permanent popularity. A new tenor, M. Mengis, whose success at the recent festival at Fribourg was great, is about to be tried at the *Académie*. M. Moscheles has given a *matinée* in Paris, with great success: some of his new compositions appear to have been more than usually welcome—a natural rebound in taste, after the long-drawn triumph of the sickly operatic *fantasia*. But a desire for what is sterling rather than showy in Art is certainly gaining ground in France. We find choruses by Handel, Mendelssohn, and Beetho-

ven, sung at the performances of the *Conservatoire* at Marseilles: and everywhere notices of a "movement" in the cause of church music. Here, by the way, we may announce the first step in the Copyright question which directly touches Music and the Drama, made in the treaty betwixt the French and Sardinian governments, which includes the rights of the musician and the dramatist, as well as of the author, the artist, and the designer.

At home, we have but a bad report of the Edinburgh Festival; the receipts of which, it is said, have fallen 2,000*l.* short of the expenses. Mr. Hatton, whose cleverness in many musical departments is well known, and whose compositions, as we have more than once observed, are above the average standard, has started for Vienna; there to bring out an opera under the auspices of Staudigl. We are told, too, that that eminent singer will return to us next year in his proper position—namely, as main prop to a German musical company, which is to be directed by Conradin Kreutzer.

On Thursday morning last there was a full performance at Westminster Abbey of Tallis's Service, which filled the church with unusual throngs. The choir was greatly augmented for the occasion, but though not absolutely at fault, performed many portions of the service timidly and uncertainly, as if the practice and the confidence which knowledge inspires were wanting. Yet, notwithstanding the imperfect execution, the penitential impressiveness of this ancient music was of too deep a character to be wholly lost.

The Rev. Dr. Wolff started on Saturday last, from Portsmouth, for Constantinople, *via* Malta; from thence to proceed, as best he may, to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The Oriental Steam Packet Company gave the reverend gentleman a passage at one half the usual charge; and this liberality was, we are ashamed to say, of importance; for the subscription which is to determine the fate and (as many of the best informed believe) effect the release of two distinguished countrymen—officers who were thrown into prison so long since as 1838, when employed on public service—goes on but slowly: 500*l.* only was required, Dr. Wolff's services being gratuitous, and yet little more than half that amount has been raised.

A Correspondent just returned from the Pyrenees thus writes to us:—"In my wanderings this autumn I accompanied the director of the mines lately opened near the famous Port de Venasque, to within a few feet of the summit of the extraordinary natural obelisk, called the Pic de Picnde, and we there discovered the remains of a gallery about 200 feet long, piercing a rich vein of lead ore. The director, a person of great intelligence, at once pronounced the work to have been executed by the Romans, and as it is well known that the latter were acquainted with the mineral wealth of the Pyrenean mountains, I have no doubt of the correctness of his opinion. The wonder consists in the situation of this shaft; and when I state that it occupied eight hours of almost perpendicular climbing, surmounting the most frightful precipices, to attain it, some idea may be formed of the difficulties attendant upon the execution of the work. The mines, which are at the base of the Pic, have only been opened during the summer, and when I visited them early in September, were yielding 10*z.* of silver in 13*lb.* of lead."

The long-meditated project of piercing the Isthmus of Panama, for the junction of the two great Oceans, is daily more and more attracting the attention of nations, as its importance is continually enhanced by the new relations which the gigantic conquests of discovery abroad and Science at home, are establishing between the various portions of the globe. In addition to the active inquiries and experiments in which, as is well known to our readers, both England and America have long been engaged with this view, the French government has now despatched a mining engineer of distinction, M. Napoléon Garella, to make a careful examination of the Isthmus, and report on the most eligible direction which a canal of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific can take.

We had the pleasure lately to announce, that Her Majesty had conferred a pension on the widow of Sir Charles Bell. We are now enabled to give a copy

of Sir Robt. Peel's letter, in which he communicated the circumstance to Lady Bell:—

"MADAM,—I have had great pleasure in recommending to Her Majesty, that in consideration of the high attainments of your lamented husband, and the services rendered by him to the cause of science, a pension of one hundred pounds per annum for your life, shall be granted to you, from that very limited fund which parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown for the reward and encouragement of scientific labours. This pension, small in amount as it necessarily is, will perhaps be acceptable to you as a public acknowledgment, on the part of the Crown, of the distinguished merit of Sir Charles Bell. I have the honour to be, Madam, Your faithful and obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL."

Mr. Bernhard Smith has just put forth a clever and forcible medallion of Capt. James Ross. Possibly one or two of the characteristic traits of the original may have been a little exaggerated, but the general treatment of the head does the artist credit. We may as well add to this paragraph, as a circumstance not unlikely to have its influences on the talked-of North Polar Expedition, that the marriage of the gallant officer was yesterday announced in the daily papers.

The *Portsmouth Herald* mentions that a letter has been received from an officer of Her Majesty's surveying ship *Samarang*, Capt. Sir E. Belcher, reporting that the vessel had struck on a rock while surveying a river in Borneo, and would in all probability become a wreck. She was returning down the river, the current and tide setting out at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles per hour, when she was swept on a sunken rock; the tide leaving her so very rapidly that there was no time to get out shores to keep her upright, consequently she fell over on her side and filled with water. No lives were lost, but the stores and effects of the crew will be all damaged, if not lost. She sailed from Portsmouth for the China seas early last spring, and was expected to be absent six years, being fitted purposely for surveying, having on board most valuable and complete astronomical and surveying instruments.

As to the new British Museum, about which our correspondents so often inquire, we can only say that the building progresses, somewhat like the Sinking-fund, by fits, but we hope more towards its object. Dr. Franz Kugler speaks about "organic life and motion" as incident to architectural productions (*vide* our notice, No. 830); this may explain the bold advance of Sir Robert Smirke's edifice, whose dimensions are rather heavy, and its members, if indeed motive organs, not endowed with much animation, unless it be "still-life." But no doubt our great Doric architect builds, as Zeuxis painted, for posterity; at least his Museum appears little intended for the use of present times.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. BROWNE, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after destruction by Fire, painted by M. BROWNE. Open from Ten till Five—N.B. The Glass from Haydon's Service, No. 1, will be performed during the midnight effect of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—FIRST PUBLIC EXHIBITION of Two important Discoveries in Science, viz.—ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, which produces eight times the quantity of Electricity of any other machine yet known, and which will be exhibited Daily at Three o'clock, and at Eight in the Evening; and LONGBOTTOM'S OPAQUE MICROSCOPE, showing Objects in NATURAL HISTORY in all their varied Colours. LECTURES Daily on CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY by Dr. RYAN and Prof. BACHOFFNER. The arrangement of the OPTICAL DEPARTMENT is under the management of Mr. GODDARD. DISSOLVING VIEWS and COSMORAMIC PICTURES. MODELS of all kinds of MACHINERY in MOTION, DIVER and DIVING BELLS, &c. Conductor of the Band, T. WALLIS, Mus. Doc. Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evenings. Admission 1*s.*—Schools Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Oct. 3.—R. W. Barchard, Esq., in the chair. W. Aldam, Esq., M.P., W. Ainslie, Esq., and the Earl of Mansfield, were elected Fellows. From the Duke of Northumberland was a remarkable cut specimen of *Elate sylvestris*, one of those noble Palm-Trees which can only be cultivated in large conservatories. This plant possesses little beauty in its flowers, but produces panicles bearing a multitude of very pretty, oblong, orange-coloured berries, with a very curious flat stem, strong and tough, differing much from the usual form, and presenting a good subject for physiological investigation. Lord Blantyre sent, from Glasgow, Black Hamburg Grapes, weighing 1*lb.* 7*oz.* and 1*lb.* 8*oz.*, that had been grown on a sward wall in the open air, where, notwithstanding

ing the unpropitious weather in spring and in the early part of summer, they finely swelled and beautifully coloured. The gardener stated that the vines produce an abundant crop and ripen their fruit in good time, and that some of the bunches which were not so ripe as those sent were twice as large, but that the berries were not quite so well swelled. From B. Maund, Esq., were specimens of Grapes grown on a wall protected by a glass case, which is fixed close to the face of the wall, with a hole in the end to allow the vine to pass without being bruised. The bunches, although beautifully coloured, were very small, but those unprotected in this manner were miserable little things. From Sir G. Staunton was a bunch of bananas, weighing upwards of 129 *lb.* The plant on which it grew was imported a few years ago from St. Helena, to the Edinburgh Royal Botanic Garden. Mrs. Mason sent a curious specimen of a Trumpet Gourd, measuring 4 feet 2 inches long. From G. T. Lay Esq., Interpreter to her Majesty's mission, China, was fruit of the Wung Kwo or Shan Le, the red fruit, or wild apple, of the Chinese, which appears to be a kind of *Crategus*. These unfortunately were much decayed and shrivelled up, so that it was impossible to say what the quality once had been. It is stated by Mr. Lay that the pulp is made into red translucent cakes, which are very pleasantly tasted, and may be eaten freely without fear of indigestive flatulency or fulness. Mr. Green sent some excellent fruit of Williams's Bon Chrétien Pear, also two Catillac Pears. Mr. Green stated that "the tree on which these grew was formerly a Catillac, and that it grew very vigorously, as this sort usually does, but did not bear well; the fruit was also small and cracked; in consequence of which the tree was headed back, and grafted with Williams's Bon Chrétien, which has always produced fine fruit ever since it came into bearing." He also stated that "the two Catillac Pears sent grew upon a branch of the same tree, which was allowed to remain where one of the grafts had failed; this branch, ever since the grafts began to bear, has borne abundantly, and the fruit has been of much finer quality than what it was before the other sort was worked upon the tree."

Oct. 17.—R. W. Barchard, Esq., in the chair. The show of flowers was good. From Messrs. Veitch and Son, of Exeter, was a shrivelled specimen of *Dolichos purpureus*; it had arrived in bad condition, owing to its being packed in dry cotton, which in that state absorbs all the moisture of leaves and flowers. The best way of transmitting specimens of cut plants to a distance, is to wrap them up in damp coarse brown paper, which will preserve their beauty for a considerable length of time; or if cotton is used it should at all events be well damped and separated from the plants by folds of paper. The plant from which this specimen was cut, is said to have been only a few months old, and not more than two feet high, with no fewer than 10 spikes of bloom, besides the one that was sent. M. Wilson, Esq., exhibited two magnificent bunches of Muscat of Alexandria grapes; also a very large bunch of the white Nice, weighing no less than 5*lb.* 7*oz.* Sir G. Staunton, Bart., sent fruit of the purple *Guaia Psidium Cattleianum*, from a plant which has produced fruit in abundance since June; also fruit of the *Pussiflora quadrangularis*, which measured 9 inches long by 5½ inches in diameter, and weighed 3*lb.*; together with fruit of the Akee tree, *Blighia sapida*, and of the Laurel-leaved Granadilla, or Water Lemon —the Pomme de Liane of the French. This plant is a native of the West Indies, and very frequently seen in this country; the pulp, which is inclosed within a very pretty orange-coloured rind, marked with green spots, is what is eatable; it is rather acid to the taste, and agreeable in hot countries. From Mr. Osborn, was a cut specimen, from North America, of *Shepherdia argentea*, covered with clusters of pretty dark red berries, like those of the *Pyraantha*, which were said to have arrived to only about one-third their usual size when ripe. The tree from which this specimen was taken is stated to be 25 feet high, and about the same in breadth, quite covered with fruit; it never bears fruit in this country, because all the plants here are male. When the females shall have been procured from North America, they will be most valuable hardy shrubs. From the gardens of the Society were the following plants, viz., *Fabiana imbricata*, *Mahonia incisa*, *Phyllocladus aptenifolius*,

Berberis actinantha, and *Fuchsia globosa*, which were placed in Brown's patent pots about the beginning of June, and were fully exposed to the sun, along with other plants in the common pots. These were flowering beautifully, the foliage was perfectly green and healthy, and the plants had never lost a leaf. The principal advantage in the double pots is, that plants placed in them in very hot weather, and exposed to the sun, only require watering, on an average, once, whereas those in the common pots require it three times; there must not, however, be any water admitted into the cavity in the side of the pots, as from their porous nature the water passes through and keeps the soil too damp. They seem to answer all kinds of plants very well, except in damp or continued wet weather; they require rather more drainage than the common pot in order to guard against excess of moisture.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
THURS. Zoological Society, 8.—Scientific Business.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—Whether they be regarded as a musical plague or blessing, it is certain that Donizetti's works are at this moment being played or in preparation all over Europe. He is understood to have promised an opera for next year's Carnival at Naples: his 'Maria di Rohan' is preparing at the Italian Opera House at Paris, his 'Don Sebastian' at L'Académie Royale. In every German town, where the *prima donna* imagines herself capable of a *roulade*, his 'Eliasi' is a stock-piece: in many his 'Belisario.' Within the week, we in London have glanced over his 'Requiem,' the first fruits of the composer's Viennese *kapell-meistership*, of which more on some future day. We have been everywhere arrested by announcements of an English version of his 'Don Pasquale,' to be given to-night at the Prince's Theatre, to replace his 'Lucia,' and we must now take pen in hand to report on the presentment of his 'Favorite' at Drury Lane on Wednesday last. This opera owes its success in England to the striking nature of one or two situations, and to the admirable manner in which it has been got up. The story is not agreeable. A young Spanish novice (Mr. Templeton) is dismissed from his monastery by its superior (Mr. Borran), in compassion to "the wandering thoughts and vain imaginations," which make the impending vow intolerable. These centre upon a mysterious lady (Miss Romer), who accords him an interview on his release, and presents him with a commission in the army of *King Alphonso of Spain*. Next, in a scene between the aforesaid *King* (Mr. Leffler) and the aforesaid *Leonora*, we discover the latter to be a royal mistress; and we see her exposed to the anathema of the Church, which the monarch dares not brave by raising her to share his throne. By way of middle course, *King Alphonso* resolves to make over the lady to *Ferdinand*, who has just arrived from the wars, and to gild the shame of such a wedding by the additional gift of a marquise. The unconscious soldier, happy to regain the mysterious lady of his vows, falls into the snare, and marries her: learns, on issuing from the chapel how he has been practised upon; throws off honours, titles, and bride with indignant scorn, re-enters the cloister, and takes the irrevocable vow. The lady becomes a nun, seeks the monastery in which he has taken refuge (rather a heterodox proceeding, but opera scribes are capable of breaking even the rule of La Trappe), and dies in his arms. The music to this tale of passion, though skillfully put together, is tame and unexciting. Here and there a glimpse of pretty melody occurs, as in the chorus and *ballet* of the second scene; here and there a large *cantabile*: the *finale* to the third act is according to Donizetti's established effective receipt, and the opening of the fourth, grave and imposing; but the whole four acts together are not worth any dozen bars out of 'Guillaume Tell.' The opera was sung and acted with a finish and a propriety, most welcome, as indicating the general advance made in our musical performances. We never saw Miss Romer to such advantage: her personation of *Leonora* being full of feeling and clear of extravagance. The music (written for Madame Stoltz, a low *mezzo-soprano*) lies in too grave a scale for her voice, but she gave it with unusual refinement. We may say as much for Mr. Templeton, who had the heavy disadvantage of appearing in a

part filled—and how filled!—by Duprez. Mr. Borran, too, has gained certainty of intonation since he made his *début* at Covent Garden. The scenes are beautiful: especially the cloister picture in the fourth act, which is one of Mr. Grieve's happiest efforts. In the *ballet*, which is part of the opera, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi and M. Petipa do wonders in a grand duet. After Elssler, the lady is our first *dansuse*, being more refined in style and various in step than Cerito. The popular *furore* for this part of the entertainment is a comical exaggeration of the enthusiasm of the past Italian opera season; Mdlle. Galby, and Miss Clara Webster, and Mad. Proche Giubelei each winning her own *encore*! The only blot on the 'Favorite' (the materials attainable being taken into the account) is in the translation of the *libretto*, which is bad beyond old-established precedent.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Oct. 9.—A letter was received from M. Demidoff, containing some meteorological observations made on his estate of Nijne-Taguilsk, in Russia. The tables for 1841 are remarkable. In the column under the head "Thermometrical Observations" we find that, during that year the temperature was at one time 99° of Fahrenheit, and at another 33½ below zero of Fahrenheit.—A communication was received from M. Fournet, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at Lyons, on zones without rains and deserts. His conclusions are—1. That, as regards tropical rains, we are to form two great atmospheric divisions, one comprising the regions subject to trade winds, the other those in which there are monsoons. 2. That the latter do not imply absolute deserts, as the alternate action of the monsoons brings rains. 3. That the effects of tropical heat, favoured by some accessory causes, may produce small local deserts, or at least great general aridity. 4. That, in the division of the trade-winds, lowlands of uniform structure situated between the zones of intertropical and subtropical rains, receive no rains, and are therefore condemned to absolute drought. 5. A great elevation of the land, in the form of a plateau, may determine rain: and, that a very great irregularity in the land may completely change the normal order of things, by causing rains out of season, even in the tropics.—A communication was received from M. Moreau de Jonnés, on the statistics of population and crime. According to M. Moreau de Jonnés, the number of crimes generally falls far short of what it is in England. He has found by the authentic tables published in England in 1842, with the sanction of the Home Office, that the number of persons there condemned, for crimes and offences of various kinds, was nearly four times greater, in the relative proportion of the population at large, than it was in France during the year 1841—the latest period up to which official returns have been made. He also communicated some curious facts respecting the amelioration which the physical condition of the people of France has undergone. He stated that in the year 1700 the number of persons who ate wheat bread in France was 6,670,000, or 33 per cent. of the entire population of that period. In 1760, the proportion of the population who ate wheat bread was as to that fed on inferior grain 40 per cent.; in 1818, 45 per cent.; and in 1840, 60 per cent.—A letter was received from M. Millot, stating that he had discovered a solvent for the stone in the bladder. M. Millot states that having been induced, in the course of some experiments, and reasoning by analogy, to suppose that the gastric juice of animals would dissolve a calculus, he tried this liquid repeatedly, and always with success. The information is thus far important; but it does not appear that M. Millot has ever tried the gastric juice upon the living organ. His experiments have been performed upon calculi in his own laboratory. Is it certain that the result would be as satisfactory if the experiment were tried upon the living subject?

Archæological Discovery. in different parts of the Continent, has of late furnished a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we may lay before our readers. M. Baër, who has recently returned from a journey undertaken, by desire of the Government, into the northern regions of Russia, for the purpose of making a geological survey thereof,

has discovered in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and some of the islands lying near the coasts of Finland—particularly in Wiez, which is all but desert—several subterranean stone labyrinths. The natives whom M. Baër interrogated as to the origin or destination of these labyrinths, knew nothing of them, save that they were called *Babylons*, and held in such veneration that the people were afraid to touch them. M. Baër has brought away drawings, which he is about shortly to publish, for the speculations of the learned and curious.—The excavations in the forest of Bretonne, in France, continue to yield interesting results. A bath has been laid open, reached by a staircase in hewn stone. A bronze hatchet, fragments of mosaic, cups and rings in bronze, broken household vessels, oyster-shells, bones of human beings and of animals, continue to keep attention alive. A substance found in a vase broken by the pick-axe of a labourer, long puzzled the science of the Normans; but an elaborate analysis has shown it to be a composition of cobalt, known as *smalt*, mixed with carbonate of lime, and used, no doubt, for painting frescoes.—In the forest of Cornouet (Finistère), not far from the ruins of the castle of that name, which overhangs the waters of the Issole, have been discovered some valuable antiquities; amongst others, a tomb, composed of stones, joined together with a cement of a brown colour, partaking of the character of wax, but hardening to the consistency of stone on exposure to the air. The tomb contained a chain of massive gold, whose circular links are in good preservation. The rings are of different sizes, two and two, and formed each of four thick gold threads. On the pavement of the tomb were found as many small arrows, of sharp and transparent flint, as the chain has rings, a sword, and three lance-heads, one of silver. The tomb is supposed to be that of a distinguished Gaulish military chief.—A letter from Dieppe says:—"The excavations at St. Marguerite, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons, near several of which were found pieces of armour, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small, and it is conjectured that they were young men of from sixteen to eighteen years of age."—A student at Bayonne has made a curious discovery in a plain not far from the commune of Lalouquette, in the canton of Thèze. In the centre of a little hillock, a few feet only below the surface lay, and has lain for centuries, an admirable mosaic. The colours are three—red, white, and black. The divisions—the largest of which do not exceed twenty millimètres in length, by twelve in breadth,—affect the most varied forms, and compose in their arrangement, not landscapes nor scenes of animated nature, but figures perfectly regular, circles single or concentric, polygons, lozenges, trapeziums, and sometimes hearts. So admirably, too, are they combined, that in the whole extent of two hundred square metres, which the mosaic covers, there is nothing approaching to monotony. This magnificent pavement rests on a bed of cement about three centimètres in thickness. Under the cement is a layer of mortar mixed with sand, brick, and quicklime, and the whole is on a pavement of large flint-stones, fixed in a bed of argillaceous earth.

Galileo.—Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzo Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

Female Académie Française.—M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female 'Académie Française.' Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their

works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty. Among the ladies who are already chosen members of the new Academy are, Mmes. Georges Sand, Emile de Girardin, De Bawr, Virginie Ancelot, Anna des Essarts, Clémence Robert, Charles Reybaud, Princesse de Craon, Eugénie Foa, Mélanie Waldor, Anais Ségalas, D'Helf, Comtesse Merlin, and several distinguished female painters and musicians.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

Extinguishing Fires.—A Vienna letter states that a M. Dietrich, of Gratz, has invented a powder which has the effect of extinguishing fire. Several very successful experiments are stated to have been made.

The Fate of Genius and of Widows.—From a sketch of 'Street Corner Loungers' in the *Democratic Review*, U.S.—"As for goin' home, Billy Bunkers," said he one day in confidence to the long lad with the short roundabout, who leans upon the opposite side of the lamp-post; "as for goin' home, Billy, savin' and exceptin' when you can't help it, why it's perfectly redicklis. If people's opinyins could be made to agree, that would be one thing, and you might go home. But as these opinyins don't agree, why that's another thing, and it's best to clear out and keep out, just as long as you kin. What's your situation when you do go home? There's the old man, and there's the old woman, and the rest of them, hurtin' your feelings as bad as if they was killin' kittens with a brick-bat. As soon as you're inside of the door, they sing out, 'Eh, waggabone! Ho! ho! lazyboots! ain't you most dead a workin' so hard?' 'Aint good for your wholesome to be so all-fired industrious!' That's the way they keep a goin' on, aggravatin' you for everlastin'. They don't understand my complaint—they can't understand a man that's lookin' up to better things. I tell you, Billy," exclaimed Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, "when a feller's any sort of a feller, like you and me—" "Yes," replied Billy, complacently; "we're the fellers—it takes us." "When a feller's any sort of a feller, to be ketch'd at home is little better than bein' a mouse in a wire-trap. Common people, Billy—low, ornery, common people, can't make it out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time—day in and day out—if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the window, the very gals bumpagin him, and say, 'Get out of the way, loaf!' Now what I say is this—if people hasn't had genteel fotch'n' up, you can no more expect 'em to behave as if they had been fotch'd up genteel, than you kin make good segars out of a broomhandle." "That are a fact!" ejaculated Billy Bunkers, with emphasis, for Billy has experienced, in his time, treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollkins. "But, Billy, never mind, and keep not a lettin' on," continued Nollkins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; "the world's a railroad, and the cars is comin'—all we'll have to do is to jump in, chalked free. Rich widders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast. Rich widders, Billy, are 'specially providences,' sent here like rafts to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twy'st, Billy, and are just off agin, then comes the widdler a floatin' along. Why, splatterdocks is nothin' to it, and a widdler is the best of all life-preservers when a man is most a case, like you and me." "Well, I'm not perticklar, not I, nor never was. I'll take a widdler, for my part, if she's got the mint-drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystocratic—I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiddy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aldermen. I can't stand them sort." "No, Billy," said Nollkins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy; such individuals as them don't know human natur."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—S. T.—C.—T. W.—received.

We cannot publish Mr. Brook's letter. If we were to open our columns to every author who is inclined to dispute our judgment on all points in which that judgment is unfavourable to him, we should be obliged to publish a controversial Supplement every week—which Supplement our readers would throw into the fire.

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